





CLAUDIUS BY DIGGES 1611







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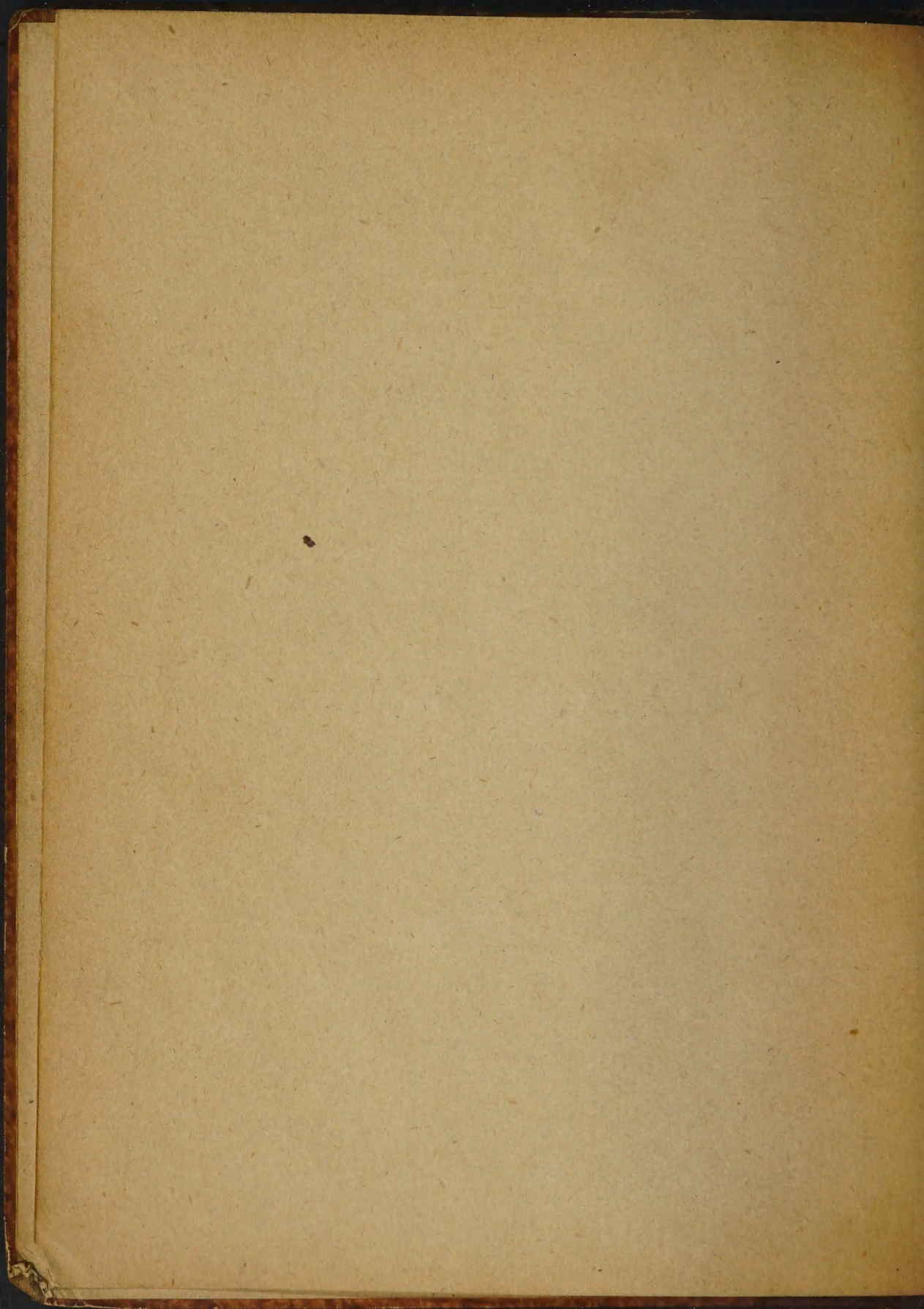
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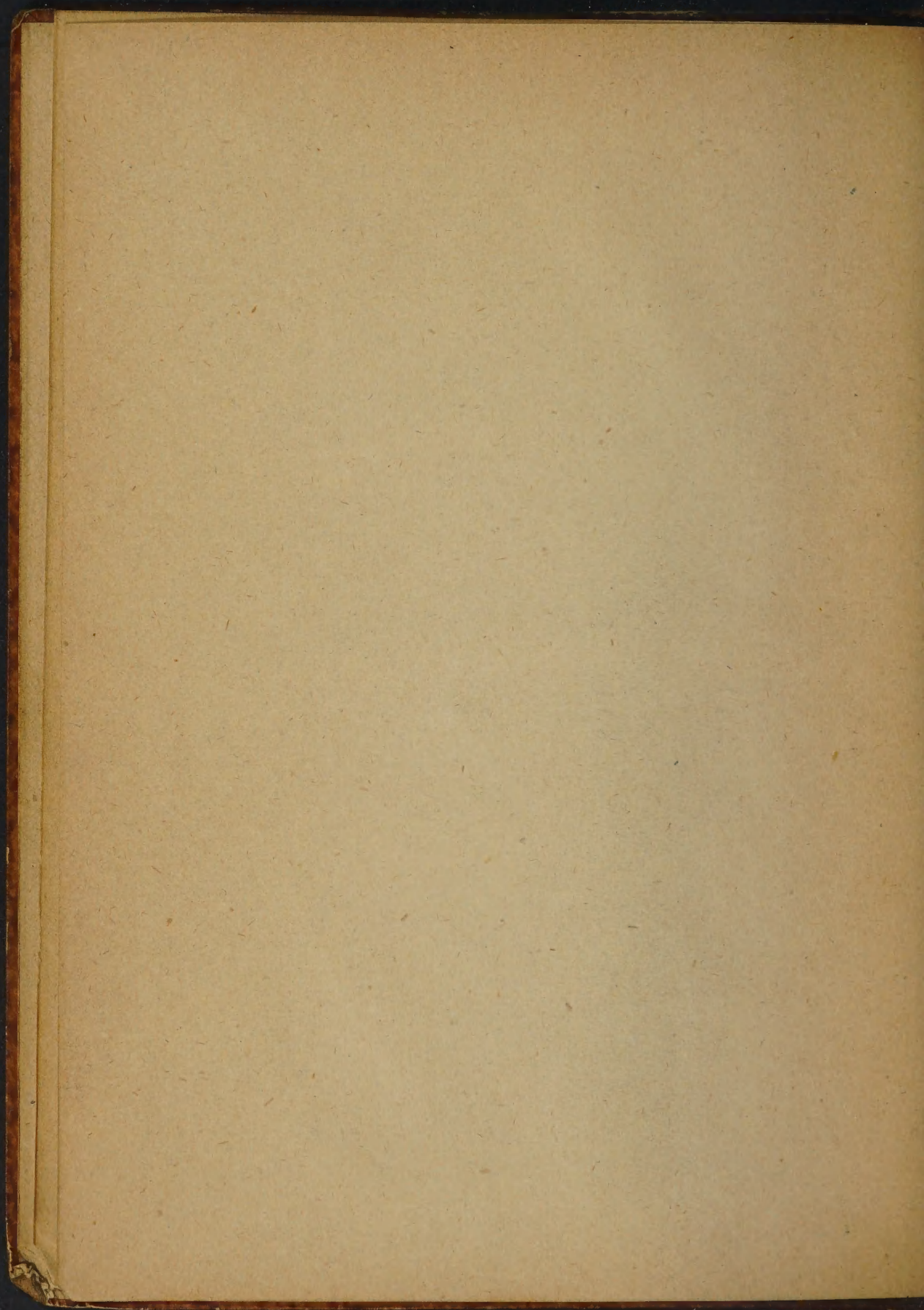
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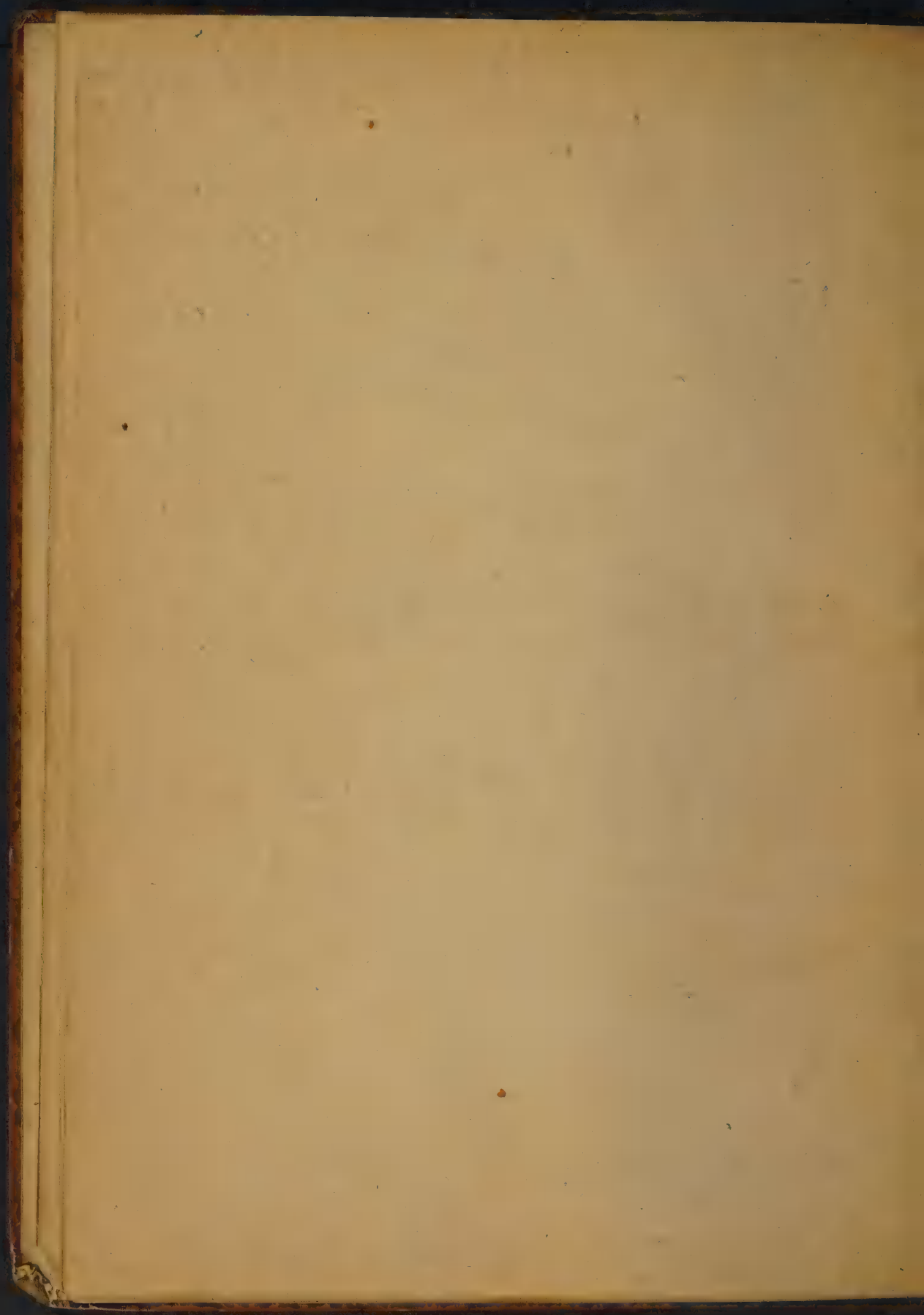
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First edition

Ms. 32









THE RAPE OF Proserpine.

Translated out of CLAUDIAN in
Latine, into English Verse:

By LEONARD DIGGES, Gent.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres ——— HOR. de Art. Poet.



LONDON,

Printed by G. P. for Edward Blount, and are to be sold
at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe (1617)

47305



To
HIS MUCH HO-
NOURED VERTVOVS SISTER,
the Lady PALMER, wife to Sir ANTHONY
PALMER, *Knight of the Bath* :

Her Brother L. D. wisheth increase of all
true Felicitie, &c.



Y deare Sister, the
Dedication of this
Poeme can belong
to none more fitly,
then to your selfe;
since (next vnder
God) your care of
mee in a desperate
sicknesse, made me
liue to finish it. It is a Translation, and there-
fore farre short of the Originall, the rather
because mine :) A Worke not so pleasing for
Ladies (being in it selfe lofty, and harsh in the

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

(translation.) It was intended to you, as a
Patterne for a piece of Needle-work (I knew
you were about;) for which purpose, I per-
swade my selfe, no Poeticall Authour will
with more variety furnish you, then *Claudian* :
howsoever hee or I faile, yet this first labour
may seeme as an earnest-penny of my affecti-
on, and to tell you, that all true happinesse
in this life, and eternall in the next, is wisht
vnto you

By your Brother and friend,

obliged ever to serue you,

L. D.

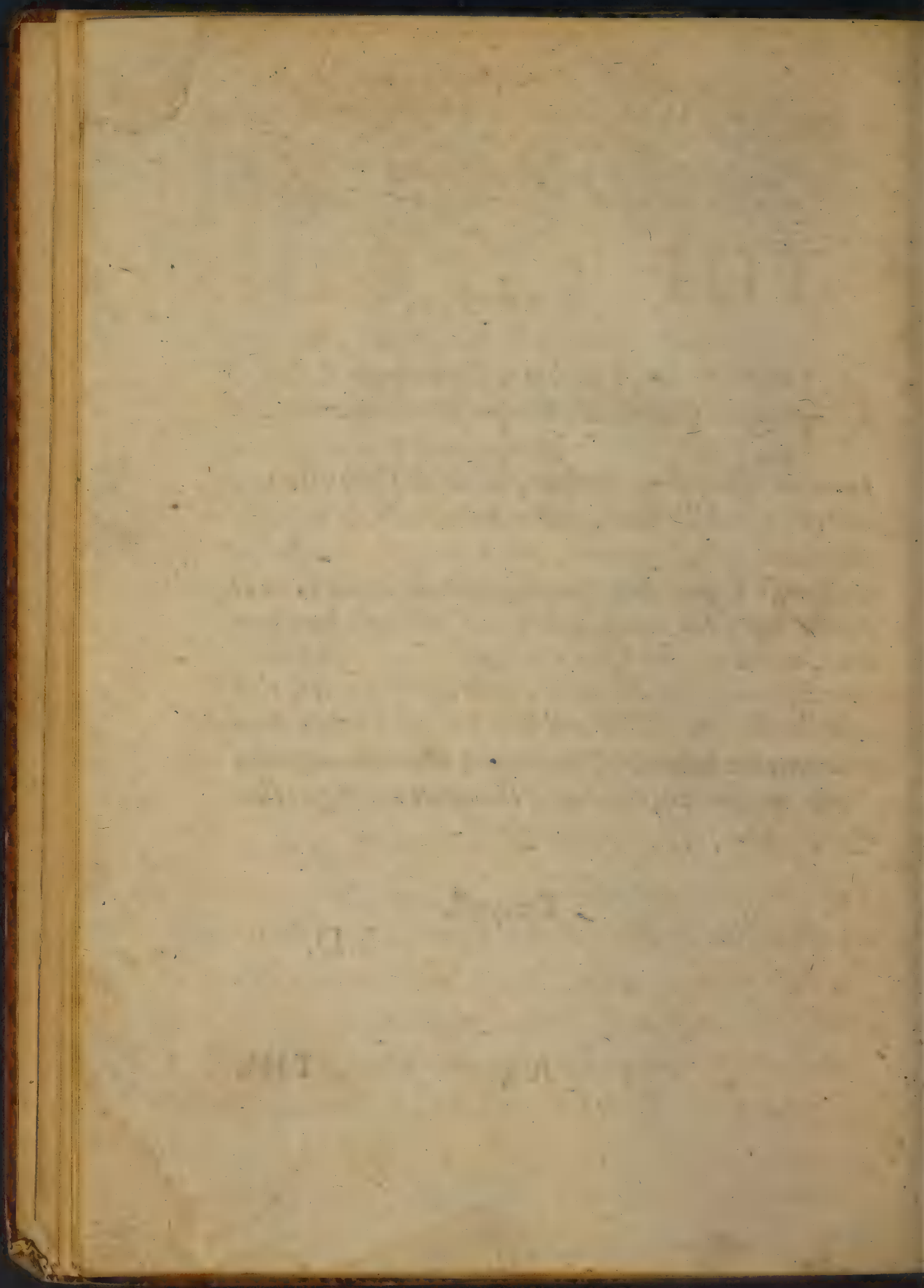


TO the READER.

GEntle Reader, I present to thy view the three first books of Claudian^o, de raptu Proserpinæ in English Verse: a work (how pleasing it may proue, I know not) since of my Authour, Scaliger sayth, he was materia ignobiliore oppressus, but addidit de ingenio quantum defuit materiæ, which wit, the Translators harshnesse of stile may (haply) haue diminished. The Reader will finde many faults; one I willingly here preuent, which is, that Ceres is described in the first booke to be drawne by sixe Dragons, contrary to all Poets, that allow her but two: This and some few other errors I impute vnto the hastinesse of the Presse, which the ingenious Reader will pardon, especially if the maine worke giue that light (that I hope for) to the Originall.

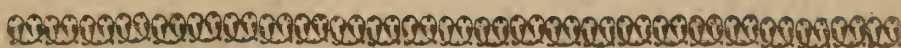
Farewell.

L.D.





THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.



The Historicall Sense or meaning
of the Storie.

WHen men for their sinnes, like other creatures, were forced to ordinary foode : the bread which they ate of (as Eusebius and Suidas mention) was of Acornes : and Plutarke writes, that after the Flood it was of the same. At that time, Siculus reigned King of Sicilie, whose wife (named Ceres) a woman of a singular apprehension (to trie a Conclusion) tooke some of the wilde Wheate, which groweth naturally so in that Country, and sowed seedes of the same, and was carefull to till them : these in their due time produced of that Graine in great abundance, which shee caused to bee moulded into a paste, and (finding the sweetnesse of it) still sowed more and more, till she attained to the perfection

The Historicall Sense.

fection of Tillage (with which shee instructed all her Islanders) so that the Sicilians were the first Husband-men in the world, and taught other Nations, till such time as Wheate became the generall nourisher of all men.

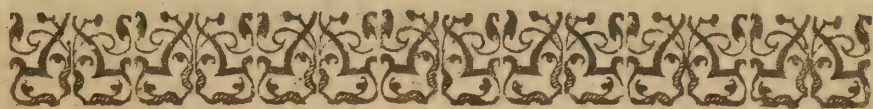
The commoditie the Sicilians reaped hereby, and the multitudes of such as applyed themselves to Tillage, were the causes of the diuisions of lands (touching which, Ceres made sundry lawes) some of which remaine euen at this day with vs: and for this cause the blinde Gentiles adored her as a goddesse, and consecrated that Island of Sicilie vnto her, as to the inuentresse of Harvest.

It happened that this Ceres had a daughter, called Proserpina; who, for her exceeding beautie was affected by Orion King of Epirus and the Molossians, and by him stolne away in the absence of her Mother Ceres: who when shee returned, and found that her daughter was thus gone (ignorant of the Rauisher) went ranging vp and downe the world to finde her, and in her progresse shee sowed all the Fields with Wheate as shee went, till such time as shee found Orion out.

This

The Naturall Sense.

This Story gaue matter to Poets, to faine, that Pluto stole away Proserpina from Sicilia, in her mothers absence (who missing her at her returne) sought her thorow the world, till she had found her with two blazing lights : and knowing that shee was in hell with Pluto, requested of Iupiter, that she might remaine with her one halfe of the yeere upon Earth, and the other with her Husband Pluto.



The Naturall Sense of the Storie.

BY the person of *Ceres* is signified Tillage. By *Proserpine*, the seedes which are sowed, by *Pluto*, the earth that receiues them.

By the diligence that *Ceres* vsed in searching her daughter, is shewne the care that Husband-men ought to haue in the tilling and sowing their grounds, and reaping of their Haruest.

By the fixe Moneths that *Proserpine* remained in Hell, are vnderstood, the fixe, in which

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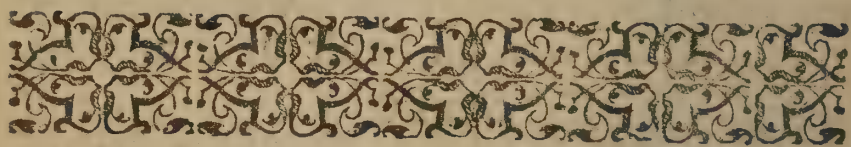
the

The Allegoricall Sense.

the seede is vnder ground, before the eares appeare; and by the other fixe that shee is with her Mother, is set downe, when the corne is ripe, and in possession of the Husbandman.

By the blazing lights, with which *Ceres* seekes her daughter, is meant the vigilancie of the Husbandman in prouiding for the increase of his haruest.

By the lights themselues, are signified the instruments of Husbandry, without which the Corne could hardly be reaped.



The Allegoricall Sense.

B*R* Pluto and his suddaine resolution of marrying and warring against gods, is noted, the nature and disposition of the insolent rich man, who blinded with ease and plenty, desireth immoderately all that his Concupiscence leades him vnto.

By the Destinies that strue to diuert Pluto from his purpose, is seene the force of heauenly power aboue humane.

Mercurie's,

The Allegoricall Sense.

Mercurie's, being sent Ambassador to Iupiter, declares how necessarie it is that persons of a lively capacitie and mature iudgement, be sent to take up strife and iarres betwixt Princes.

By Iupiters decree to giue Proserpine for wife to Pluto, is shewne the Diuine Prouidence, that disposeth better of things for vs, then we our selues can wish.

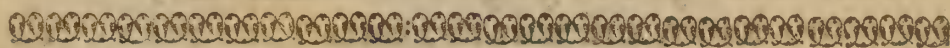
By Proserpine left alone in her mothers absence at her worke, is noted the good education of Children, to which mothers are bound, that are honest and carefull.

By Ceres leaving her alone, and Pluto's stealing her away, is put (as an example) : That Mothers ought not to be so carelesse of their children, as to expose them to so great a hazard of their honours.

By Venus Executioneresse of Ioues will, and Diana and Pallas her Companions, is signified : that loue is a diuine connexion and bond, ordained from God, if the proceeding in the same bee with simplicity and purenesse of meaning.

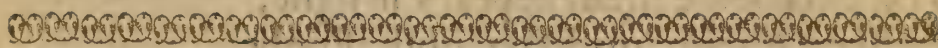


THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.



The Argument of the First Booke.

Pluto enrag'd would marry, threatens warre
'Gainst Iupiter, the Fates prevent their iarre :
Swift Mercury, Ambassador is sent
To heauen, to tell the gods of this euent.
Ioue, Ceres daughter doth resolve to giue
His brother, and the meanes doth thus contriue;
whilst Ceres absent is in Phrygia,
Venus must egge abroad Proserpina :
Downe she descends the Virgin chaste to see,
Diana, Pallas, beare her companie.



MY loftie Muse is full, and bids me sing
The robbery of Hell's infernall king,
Grimme Pluto; and the Carre of *Tanarus*,
That whilome with portentions ominous
And giddie hurrie, through the blasted ayre,
Presag'd the Rape of *Proserpine* the fayre,
Ioues daughter, and the marriages euent :
Profaner eares be you from hence exempt.

2 *The Rape of* PROSERPINE.

And now the furie of a Spirit Diuine,
 Expell's all humane feare from this of mine:
Apollo breathes in me, *Phæbus* inspires
 My braine, my quill with his most sacred fires.
 Now, now (me thinkes) I on a suddaine see,
 The Shrine of each immortall deitie,
 Shake in it's quiu'ring seate (vnus'd to moue)
 And the Cœlestiall rayes (that from aboue
 Disperse their glim'ring light) forerunners are,
 Of *Pluto's* iourney and sad *Ceres* care.
 The noyse (that in the earth's deepe wombe doth sound)
 I heare, and *Athens* Temple so renown'd,
 For her King *Cecrops* painfully doth grone,
 (Doubling shrill *Eccho's* to the Cities mone:)
 And *Ceres* lou'd *Eleusis* tapers blaze
 With flaring lights which to the skies they raise:
Triptolem's snakes their bloudie crests aloft
 Vpstretch, and with confused murmur soft,
 Glide their spot-painted bodies here and there,
 At which Spectators tremble, themselues feare:
 They hisse, and with strange accent to my Verse
 Hasten the Tragicke song that I rehearse.
 The three-folde *Hecate* appear's in sight,
 And lazy *Bacchus* (madding) doth affright
 The eyes of mortals with his shiu'ring lance
 Of wreathed Vines, and in a drunken dance
 (Loading his Temples with an Yuie crowne,
 Whose weight keepes his vnweldy body downe)
 Knits to his necke a *Parthian* Tyger's pawes,
 And skinne (that from his shoulder downe he drawes)
 You gods (on whom *Auernus* wandring soules,
 And multitudes of wights blacke *Styx* enroules)

Attend,

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

3

Attend, and such as of their worldly crimes,
In burning *Phlegeton* bewaile the times.
You gods, you fathers, shew; declare to me
The secrets of earths vaste concavity;
Your governments reueale, and mysteries
Of all those great and powerfull deities.
Tell me, since Loue so lowe would neuer bend
His shafts, what fire could *Pluto* thus incend?
As snatching off from earth this *Proserpine*,
He makes her his eternall Concubine:
Yet comforts her (that in the *Tyrants* pow'r,
Laments) by giuing *Lethe* for her dow'r.
Tell me, did *Ceres* her grieu'd mother know
Before, what should succeed? or if not so,
When she was lost, in her distracted minde,
Where could she hope her *Proserpine* to finde?
That (longing for good newes) shee makes a vowe,
The barren earth with fairest wheate to sowe.
Long since, the dismall Prince of *Erebus*
(Through wrath and fury growne outrageous)
To see that he (a god) and young, alone,
Must leade a solitary life in mone,
Wanting a mate, that dayes, moneths, yeeres retire
And passe (regardlesse of his quenchlesse fire)
Impatient of delaies and full of iarre,
He summons all the supreme gods to warre;
Disdaining they aboue should note his want,
Of happy marriage to be ignorant.
Redde lips, faire eyes, sweet lookes, soft cherishing
Confus'd embraces, limbes proportioning,
To their proportion all strange delight,
Two soules combin'd in one, which make one white:

Like

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Like yuie(twining) yuorie necke, that one,
One body, which one common breath alone,
Giues life vnto: this one, and yet not one
For (louers) each hath a Companion:
So two, when as two bodies striuing moue
In *Cupids* lists (made one by mutuall loue.)
These two, that one and all as motiues are,
Egging sterne *Pluto* to ambitious warre:
The name of father, and proud hope of sonnes,
(Each) a fore-runner of new strife becomes:
Forth-with the Monsters of infernall deepe,
Ranke out their squadrons, and good order keepe.
The vgly Fiends coniu'r'd by *Plutos* wroth,
'Gainst highest *Iupiter* take solemne oath;
And menacing the gods in sad array
Of battell, hels blacke banners they display
Before heauens walls, and discord first appeares
(Cladde all in ruth:) in armes of steele she beares
The portraict of her name, and next to her
Imperious Famine rageth, and base feare
(Plac't as a Scout, or as a Runnagate,
Against the foe to annoy them, cankred hate,
Despairefull sorrow, rashnesse out of breath
March last (led in the rere by conqu'ring death.
'Gainst thundring *Ioue*, the pallid Furies three
Combine themselues, and bold *Tisiphone*
That 'bout her head those curled Snakes doth twine
With spinie fist, that of combustions pine
A fire-brand brandisheth, whose boading light
Compassion moues, and megar looks affright
Of her, the sad beholder: 'gins to sound (round,
Through all the Campe, and 'mongst the hel-hounds

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

A soft retreat (at whose well-knowne voyce)
The pale fac't Monsters couch, and hush their noyse.
The *Elements*, whose equall qualities
For many an Age in peace could sympathize,
Scarce now containe, but into discord turne,
And faine to their olde *Chaos* would returne:
Proud *Titans* off-spring hope at length to see
Their gyues knockt off, and former libertie:
That (breaking vp hels dung'ons) once againe,
Punish they may the *Author* of their shame.
Pluto, *Acgeons* fancie now can please,
That long hath layne cubb'd vp in little ease,
And losing straight the Gyants hundred hands,
(Arm'd to obey the threatning Gods commands)
He musters vp his seu'nteene brothers more
Vnto a second Combate (for before
They plotted had 'gainst heau'n) and now they long
Ioues thunder to retort the gods among.
VWhen soone the reu'rend Destinies that see
Sterne warres approach, and hels infantry
Range into battaile, with stout puissance,
And fearefull march 'gainst heauens gates aduance:
So many horrid fiends that likely were
To put the gods, and all *Ioues* hoast in feare:
And (doubting lest the terror of this fight,
The Orbes Celestiuall endanger might)
Eu'n in the heate and danger of the rowt
They gently tread, and pace the Campe throughout;
And providently thus themselues intrude
With modest threats, to tame the multitude:
Then prostrate 'fore the valiant General,
With bended knees and humble lookes they fall;

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

(Spreading their aged Cheekes and frontes seuer,
With dangling tresses of their snowie haire.)
Their hands they ioyne, those hands that spun the thred
Of many liuing, many thousands dead;
Those hands they ioyne, to whose high soueraign'ty,
The World, and all things breathing Vassals be:
First, *Lachesis*, the eldest of the three,
And most austere, diuides in modestie
The hoary threds, which (for she nastie keepes)
Vncomb'd, they thwart and hide her wrinkled cheekes:
In her owne name, and sisters both, she greets
Blacke *Pluto*, and to mitigate his threats
'Gainst *Ioue*, first weepes: then wiping her sad eyes,
With fainting voice she to him gently cries,
And thus begins. Thou mighty king (saith she)
Great Ruler of our vaste obscuritie,
Thou (to whose sacred iudgement) the least wight
That groanes in darkenesse, and hels horrid night
Is subiect; thou, whom loyall Fates haue seru'd
So long and from thy precepts neuer swer'd,
With web and spindle; thou that first giu'st breath
To all things liuing, thou, whom life and death,
Equally waite on; thou, to whom the sage
Fleet time, what ruines he in euery age
Collects, doth giue; and vnto thee the state
Of present things doth likewise consecrate:
And lastly thou, by whom, the Soules condemn'd
Haue second being, torture without end.
Seeke not (great Prince) to haue thine honor stain'd
(By breach of sacred lawes wee first ordain'd):
Cause thy robustious troopes retire, and cease
T'incense them further 'gainst high heauens peace

Desist.

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Desist from hostile armes (impietie)
Of making brother gods thine enemy;
But if thou needs wilt venter, be no more
A pow'r Diuine, but some wilde sauage Bore:
Must Gyant race enioy a second light,
And once againe outbraue in Martiall fight
Th'vnconquer'd gods? Fye *Pluto*: do not thus
Attempt a Warre so sacrilegious,
And headlong cast thy Maiestie, forbear;
(If Marri'ge be the cause; or if thou feare
Lest *Ioue* deny thee issue) mildly proue
Great *Iupiter*: first let him heare thy loue.
Pluto heares *Lachesis*: and though his rage
Were such, as her faire speech could scarce assuage;
Yet when the loftie loue strooke god, might see,
The Sisters both to her soft prayers agree;
The bloud that riseth in each blacke swolne vaine,
He tempereth: the Furies straight proclaime
His alter'd purpose, eu'ry Fiend that droopes
To see this change, they lash, and force hels troopes
Retire, thus was this fatall enterprife,
Dismiss, and *Pluto* calm'd by Destinies.
So blust'ring *Boreas* (when with roaring gust,
And whirle-winde arm'd) he first doth lay the dust,
Then with a suddaine and tempestuous blast,
(Enrag'd) he faine vpon earth's face would cast;
Thicke stormes of hayle eu'n at the instant, when
With full swolne cheekes he breakes his loathed denne,
And (scowring the vaste Seas) would cause their flouds
Arise (to drowne the fields and neighb'ring woods :)
Eu'n then the milder *Aeolus* restraines
His force, and keepes him fetter'd in strong chaines.

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Pluto commands that subtile *Mercury*
Ioue's sonne (being summon'd to appeare from high)
Approach his presence, and from thence be sent
To tell the gods his Vncles discontent:
The winged messenger without delay
(Swifter then thought) through the dull ayre makes way,
And with his colour'd hat, and charming rod
Forth-with appeares before th' infernall god;
Who, in the darkeſt Vault of all, ſate (plac't
Vpon a blacke rude throne:) ſo meanly grac't
VVith ſcepter courſe; only his viſage ſtout,
The horreur of his Maieſtie ſet out:
Ouer his head hangs vp a diſmal Cloud,
Which ſerues for cloth of ſtate, and now aloud
'Twixt rage and grieve he groans, and faine would ſpeak,
When, at firſt accent of his words (that breake
Through hearers eares) at their firſt hideous ſound,
The royall palace and moſt chambers round
All ſhake againe; and at the fearefull note
The triple Porter ſtops his howling throat:
The three ſad riuers at th' vnſuall voyce
Affrighted ſtand, and ſtop their mur'm'ring noiſe,
All hell was ſilent; but their king exceeds,
And to his yelling Embaſſie proceeds.
Ioues high-borne brood, *Cylenian Mercurie*:
Olde *Atlas* Nephew, common deity
To heauen and hell: thou, that haſt paſſage free
Through both the Poles, and equall liberty;
Thou, that of all the gods both high and low,
The myſteries and ſtrict comerce doſt know:
Fly hence, with ſpeedy wing cut through the winde,
To thy vngratefull Sire thus ſpeake our minde.

VVhat

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

What right hast thou, or what prioritie,
(Cruel'st of all thy brothers) ouer me?
Say, Fortune blind with an vnequall hand,
(To me denying) gaue thee heau'ns command?
Yet are these temples honour'd with a crowne,
As well as thine, nor can thy pride beate downe
Our glory; though we want the light, thou shalt
Perceiue our strength, when I thy walls assault:
Think'st thou the *Cyclop's* handy-worke I feare;
Or those vaine claps that mocke the yeelding ayre?
Cast downe thy darts of thunder, let them strike
Affrighted mortals, we are farre vnlike
To such; Know, *Iupiter*, I keepe my vowe,
And to reuenge my griefes, am sure (though slowe)
VVas't not enough? I then repined not
At Fates, that first to my accursed lot
Gaue this third kingdome, and deprived quite,
(Though satisfied) I neuer sought for light:
Nor wisht bright *Phæbus* might descend so farre
As my sad palace, or the morning starre
Lighten these vaults; when vnto thee the seau'n,
(That make *Charles-wayne* twinkle in spangled heau'n)
And millions more thy glorious state adorne:
Poore I, that all in darknesse sit forlorne
(Discomfortably mournfull) no glad sight
Enioy, but waste in a perpetuall night,
VVhere are no comforts to the eye or eare,
Nothing but noyse, and notes of ghastly feare,
For what harmonious musicke hath hells king? (sing:
Where ghosts keep howling time, whil'st screech-owles
Yet thou that see'st me bare of all reliefe,
(The more to aggrauate my sullen griefe)

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Forbidd'st me Nuptiall rites; thus *Ione* repines
At *Pluto's* wilhes, when his Concupines
Are numberlesse; the Sea-god happier is,
(Though lesse in power then I) and hath more blisse,
That when the raging billowes he allayes,
Faire *Amphitrite* with her *Neptune* playes
And he (intangled in her soft embrace)
Forgets the vse of his three-forked mace.
When thou in midst of *Tytans* scourging heate,
With labour of thy thunder-claps dost sweate
To coole the parch't earth, with moist drops of raine,
And (weary of thy toyle turn'st backe againe)
Incestuous *Iuno* sits in longing state
VVith open lap her Lord to recreate:
Latona, *Ceres*, *Themis*: (each of which
Sufficient were) but all of these, enrich
Thee, with the name of father, and thy seate
Keepe still with hopefull successors replete:
Thus thou, in lustfull ryot (varying)
Liu'st at thine ease, whil'st I (thy brother king)
In darkest dungeon (like a slaue) am voyde
Of those delights, with which thou most art cloid:
And thus my prime of youth doth fade, and pride
Of issue, failes; (by wanting a lov'd Bride)
But come reuenge, awake dull patience,
(Suffice long pardon for so iust offence)
By all the shades of night, by all the Ghosts
That houer o're blacke *Styx*, by all the hosts
Of dreadfull horror, mischief vengeance dire,
If *Iupiter* denie this last desire;
The walls of *Tartarus* shall open wide
(Thorough whose breach) the foules that there abide

Con-

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

(Condemn'd to endlesse ruth) shall sally out,
And hast thy downfall with confused rowt :
(Mongst whom) old *Saturne* once againe shall free
The golden age from her captiuitie.

(This sayd) the Tyrant ceast, and to his ire
Gaue respite. *Mercury* (like nimble fire)
Meane while ascends vp to the highest Spheare,
And tells his message to great *Iupiter*.

The god, vnto this vnexpected newes
Gaue strict attention, and forth-with 'gins muse
In his diuine brest, what would be th'euent
Of such a marri'ge, who would be content
(Of all the goddesses) to lose the light
In lieu she may be queene of lasting night,
And (like a Iudge reuoluing many a doubt,
At length resolu'd) his sentence thus breakes out,
One only child the goddess *Ceres* had
One daughter, which doth make her mother glad:
For though *Lucina* blest her with no more,
Yet is she happy in this first she bore.

This serues for many, and the want supplies,
That second birth her barren wombe denies.
This (as her dearest darling and delight)
She often hugges, still tends, and from her sight
She neuer let's her part; so Heifer young
Or first yeeres Calse, (that other beasts among
Scarce presseth the soft grasse with wanton tread,
Nor horned Moones, yet peepe from curled head :)
The lowing Damme (that it by chance doth misse)
(Finding) doth giue it many a licking kisse.

The Virgin faire was growne now ripe and neare
To *Hymens* rites, a chaste and shamefast feare

Breeds

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Breeds in her brest new flames : now she desires
(One while) to marrie ; then againe loues fires
Despitemfully she quencheth ; thus, her mind
Eu'n in a moment, makes her curst and kinde ;
To loue, and not to like ; which myserie
Is caus'd by feare, that beares the mastery
Ouer her will (her will that oft doth call
Her passions vp) but feare straight layes them all :
Now store of suiters throng and each 'gins ply
Old *Ceres*, for her daughter (cunningly)
Two great Competitors, with equall strife
Contend, to haue the louely Mayd to wife :
Mars with his shield, *Apollo* with his bowe
And shafts, their greatnesse alike both shewe.
Both offer a round earnest for their loues ;
Yet neithers suite the yellow *Ceres* moues :
Nor though proud *Iuno* and *Latoria* too
Speake for their sonnes and (seuerally woo)
Would she consent : but (as a mother kind
In her owne thoughts) and with fond passion blind :
(Vnuitting future rape) her too too deare,
She sought to hide from those she least might feare.
And thus (descending from *Olympus* high,
With her faire *Proserpine*) both secretly
At fruitfull *Scicile* arriue ; and there,
The carefull mother in a iealous feare,
Viewes the rich Island , and the Sea that round
Doth ring-like compasse, and its fertile ground,
Sprinkle ; th'vnknowing goddesse straight conceiues
The place for purpose fitting, and so leaues
Her daughter to it's charge : thus neither she,
Nor it, foresawe th'ensuing prodigie.

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Sicilia once the Continent did touch,
And made a part of *Italy*, till, such
Was the Seas rage, and *Nereus* swelling pride,
As did the firme land feuer and diuide:
He with his subtile art, and puissance stout
The confines broke, and cut those mountaines out,
Which, to the little land did there remaine,
Contiguous were; now (parted from the maine)
He bathes them with his waues, yet men may see
'Twixt both the Lands a knowne affinitie.
The *Promontories* that are seene from farre,
Pachinus high, and *Lilibœum* are
On which the waues that (brauing play) let flee
Their force, and make continuall batterie:
Pachinus shewes vnto th' *Ionian* Sea
His lofty head; the top of *Lylibe*
Lookes to the *Libian* Coast, from whence (in vaine)
The waues driues through his armes, which (as a reine
And bridle serue t' abate and curbe their pride
And roaring noyse;) when *Thetis* to abide
Disdaineth there, and from the *Thuscane* shore,
Her waues vpon *Pelorus* beate much more.
These *Promontories* three, at first the Ile
(*Sicilia* now) *Trinacria* did stile:
In midst of which *Aetna* of old renowne
(For burning rockes) so high his flaming crowne
Lifts; that the *Promontories* (which before
Did Gyants seeme) like Dwarfes his height adore:
Aetna, true witnesse of *Briareus*
His folly, and of bold *Enceladus*
The Tombe and bonfire; where, he liues in death,
And spits forth fire with brimstone-poisoning breath:

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

The Mountaines load, there, keeps him prisoner fast,
That when the weighty burden off to cast
He (groaning) strives, and to his utmost straines
To quit his rebell necke from yoke and paines :
The poore Inhabitants he maketh feare
(By often shaking) lest some Earth-quake there
Should roote the Island vp, and so, her towrs,
And walles, the violence of Seas deuours:
This Mountaines top, is only to the eye
Of mortals subiect; so you may descrie
The smoke and flames, but neuer hath it yet
Been trampled on by any humane feet :
With stately Groues and Trees, the lower part
Is deckt, that ne're were planted there by Art;
The vpper, commonly with misty fogge
Staines the Sun-beams, and dayes cleere light doth clog
With pitchy Clouds, which (lasting vntill night)
Ascend the Firmament, and dayes cleere light
Conuert to darknesse; still the flames increase
Is nourisht (though the mountaines selfe decrease.)
In midst of boiling heate, the snow doth fall
Vpon the top, and neuer melts at all:
It snowes vpon the Mountaine, and that heate
Which burneth there (albeit ne're so great)
The snow it ne're offends, whose inward cold
Condenseth it, and if dissolue some should,
(By reason of hot vapors that arise)
Yet most vpon the top congealed is,
Or neuer lower falls: but that which breeds
The greatest admiration, and exceeds
All common wonder, is the noyse within
The hollow Cliftes, that doth neuer linne

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

It's raging, whether caused by the wind,
That stopt in *Aetnas* bowels faine would find
A passage out, and cannot, till it breake
With speedy motion through some open creak
Of the torne rockes, till when, it rumbles there;
Or else the greedy Sea, whose armes doe teare
The Mountaines bosome, and the brackish waues
Mingling with fires in those hot sulf'rous caues
Within, and wanting meanes to sally thence,
Adde matter to the broiling violence
And noyse; vncertaine whether of the twaine
It is, but one may be the reason plaine.
Diuineſt *Ceres* now most confident
Of the sure Island (to whose charge she lent
And left her dearest pledge) without all feare
Or least suspicion of her danger neere,
To *Phrigia* posteth, and amaine doth hie
To her tow'r foundresse mother *Cybele*.
By sixe fierce Dragons, that (taile wheeling round
With writhed limbes) her chariot lift from ground,
She carri'd is, and snatcht into the ayre,
From whence her speedy flight (they swift) prepare,
And, breaking through the clouds, that giue them way,
Them leaue behind; and (posting) lead away
With giddy gallop, the free raines they beare
Vpon their lofty crests (bemoistned were
With foamie froth) which on their golden scales
They cast, and doubly spot their winged failes:
One while the middle Region they diuide,
And soare aloft; then suddainly they slide
Downe to the earth, and slackning of their flight,
The Chariots golden wheelles they couer (white)

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

With hoarie dust : their Mistris (as she goes)
Her bountie casts, and plenteously bestowes
O're all the fields : the very tract and path
(Made by her wheelles) sufficient plentie hath
Of rip'ned eares; which (as she passeth on)
Cloath all the fields and wayes they run vpon
VVith golden habit. Thus behind her quite
Actna she leaues, and th'Island out of sight,
Till (looking backe with her presaging eies,
And moist'ned cheekes) the palace she espies
VVhere she her daughter left; then with fresh teares
She doubles her prognosticating feares
(As doubtfull of the fatall accident)
And thus the hard mishap would faine preuent
(By courting the faire Island) Dearest Earth,
Blest Soyle (saith she) farwell : my first, last birth,
I leaue vnto thy charge ; looke well to her,
Be thou her guardian safe, since I preferre
Thee before other places : as thy care
Shall speed, the mindfull *Ceres* will not spare
For thy reward : be sure of this before,
The cruell Spade shall neuer wound thee more ;
Nor rugged Clowne (when he thy fields will sowe)
Shall once, with crooked tooth of deluing plow,
Teare vp thy fruitfull entrailes ; thou shalt make
Glad husbandmen to wonder, and forsake
The vse of toying Oxen, and sharpe Goad,
VVhen (of their owne accord) thy fields shall load
Their Barnes ; and (for thy seasonable fruit)
Their store-house, neighb'ring lands shall thee salute.
This said, her Dragons haste, and she arriues
Vpon Mount *Ida*, where *Cybele* liues :

Her

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Her Temple, there, with marble statue stands,
(That worshipt is by many vprear'd hands,
Couer'd with thickest boughes of blazing Pine)
That seldome subiect is to stormes or winde :
The furious Ayre doth seldome lash, or beate
This consecrated Tree to goddesse great;
But (gently whistling 'mongst the leaues) it beares
And formes soft musicke to the hearers eares :
VVithin the Temple, nought but dancing is
To *Bacchus*, and confused melodies
Of men, that (with their howling consorts round
Of squeaking Pipes and rusticke Tabors sound)
Shake *Idas* top; the holy shrines within
The Temple groane (mou'd with the noyse and dinne:)
At sight of *Ceres* all growes hush't and still,
The balling *Quire*, the Drumme and Trumpets shrill
Desist; the *Corybantes* cease to waue
Their glitr'ring blades, the Lions fierce and braue
Are tamed, and their gentlenesse is such,
As they their shaggy maines to euery touch
Submit; the longing *Ceres* enters in,
And by the mother of the gods within
She welcom'd is, that at first entring place
Bowes downe her Towr's to do the goddesse grace.
Ioue from his supreme throne of maiestie
This passage viewes, and his most strict decree
To *Venus* lou'd reueales, to thee, I will,
(Saith he) ô *Cytherea* shew my will
And heavenly pleasure: know, I am resolu'd
That my firme purpose long agoe reuolu'd
In hidden thoughts, doe now it selfe declare,
Be now fulfill'd, that *Ceres* daughter faire

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Be giuen to hels blacke king; for Destinies
Do so command, and *Themis* prophecies
Haue thus foretold: the time inuites to this,
Her carelesse mother farre off wandring is;
Goe then, and to *Sicilia* take thy flight,
That (when bright *Sol*, the mournfull robe of night
Displays, and clads the fields in gorgeous ray)
Entice thou maist the mayd, to sport and play
In *Floras* walkes; that (when thy skill is tri'd,
Pluto may seyeze vpon his louely Bride:
Vnfitting 'twere (since all the gods, and me
Thou burn'st) the lower kingdomes should be free.
No, no; let fell *Erynnis* feele thy flame,
And *Acheron* acknowledge the great name
Of *Venus*; she gaue eare, and (hauing heard
Her fathers mind) to iourney straight prepar'd:
Pallas and she (that with the horne-bent bowe,
Arcadian Menalus affrights) both goe
(Together) with their sister, for so *Ioue*
Commanded had; they out of filiall loue
Their Sire obey, and (taking solemne leaue
Of all the gods) them of their sight bereaue.
Looke how a Comet (seldome seene) appears
To vulgar eyes, and fills men with strange feares:
When (streaming o're the world with bloody light)
It boades vnto the peoples gazing sight
Some rare euent: (as death of Monarke great,
Or rage of sicknes sprung from Dog-dayes heate:)
That, to the trembling Mariner (at hand)
Threatens huge stormes, plagues, famine to the land;
So shew'd the ayry tracke this troope diuine
Had made (amazing with it's glorious shine.)

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

At length, they *Ceres* palace had espy'd
And glorious lust're of it's top descride,
And pinacles; that (as they neerer drew)
The goodly frame they might at leisure view:
(A wondrous worke) erected first of all
By the blacke lab'ring *Cyclop's*; the high wall
Of hard and strongest *Thracian* Ir'n was made,
The massy posts that sustain'd and stai'd
The weightie building vp, of Steele: and wrought
The rest was, with the Metall thither brought
By those industrious *Chalybes*; who found
The first vse of it vnderneath the ground.
Neuer was great *Pyracmon* busied more,
Or toying *Sterops* sweate so much before,
As ('bout this curious worke:) neuer (till then)
So (puffing, breathlesse) *Vulcans* iourny-men
Knocke on their batter'd Anvils sparkling Steele,
(Held by the crooked biting tongs) that feele
Their hammers loade: neuer was huger flame
Rais'd from the weary Fornace, then that same
Which, from the softned masse of metall thence
Arose; nor bellowes, with more violence
Breath'd on the burning Forge. Behold you might
From far, the gates (shining with yu'ry) white,
The top and battlements that outwardly
Appear'd, with siluer and blacke *Ebonie*
Checkr'd; the sollid beames the rooffe vphold
VVithin, of brasse; and pillars of pure gold?
Here louely *Proserpine*, with melting tone,
Sat, to her dying honour (all alone)
VVarbling a swan-like farewell: for, she meant
VVith worke in hand, and needle, to present

Vnto

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Vnto her Mother (whom she longs to see
And still expects) her painefull industrie
Drawne out in curious sampler; and so thought,
(In vaine) to frame a robe of it (being wrought:)
There she her fathers kingdome first began
In liuely colours to paint out; and than
Foure Elements (each in their order plac't)
With cunning hand she flourisht, and so grac't
The patterne with her skill, you could not know
Whether the fire were burning there or no:
Somewhat beneath (in region cleere and faire)
She figur'd had the fresh and liuely aire,
And next, the water, where she often makes
A period to her handy-worke; and takes
Fresh silke to thred her needle, for she here
Had much adoe to make the Sea appeare
In all his formes; the waues she to the life
Describes, and set out their tumultuous strife:
The waters were with purple wrought, the shore
With *Emeralds* and Pearles all shadow'd o're;
Behold you might the sedge and greenish weed
Flote from the Rockes (as if they there did breed
Where she had plac't them) with such Art conceiu'd,
That warie Pilots well might be deceiu'd
In viewing them; then forth a different skeine
Of silke she sorts, and fresh to worke againe
Begins, those sands, the brackish waters drinke:
Those sands, so like; that lookers on would thinke
They heard the Seas hoarse murmure: last of all,
To th'earth she comes, yet (for th'originall
Was but a dull piece, and grosse element)
Lesse labour in describing that she spent:

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Only some greene and yellow would bestow
Vpon the fields and flowr's that in them grow:
And (for variety) amongst the rest,
That of *Narcissus* story she exprest;
Where (opposite) the new transformed Rose,
The thorne-prick't goddesse loue to *Adon* showes.
(These *Elements* thus finisht to her mind)
Fiue diff'rent *Zones*, each in a seu'rall kinde
And quality she notes, a crimson thred
The middle woue (flaming all fiery redde
Inhabitable) on both sides of that
She plac't the other two, more temperate:
The two most cold (as needlesse to be drawne)
She prettily thus figur'd in the Lawne
Wherein she work't; (a space there left) and so
The Samplers white alone exprest their snow.
Next to her Vncles palace she descends,
(Proportioning his Furies, Fates and Fiends;
But here she stopp't: for (looking on her worke,
As if some ominouseuent did lurke
Vnder these dismall Pictures) from her eyes
Teares (forming pearles) dropt on the Destinies:
And (weary of that sad taske) she began
To sort new colours to the Ocean;
VWhose Crystall winding streames, she there drew out
Vpon the vtmost border of her clowt.
But suddainely the hinges of her dore,
With creaking noyse were turn'd, and her before
The goddesse she spies, so all in haste
Th'imperfect worke and robe shee from her cast;
With maiden blush and fearefull modestie,
Vpon her siluer cheekes a skarlet dye

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

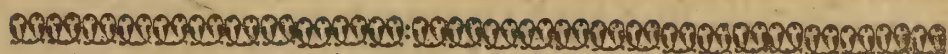
She spradde; vnlike to this, the *Lydian* Dame
With *Tyrian* purple spots her yu'rie frame;
Now *Phæbus* diu'd into the west, and night
With lazie Carre, and dulnesse doth inuite
The world to rest; whil'st *Pluto* warn'd by *Ioue*
His iourney plot's, and conquest of his loue.
And loe, th'vnseene Commandresse, secretly,
Of fearefull wagon; to her axletree,
The harness thongs, and coupled horses ties
Horses, that, on the filth and scumme which rise
From bottome of *Cocytus*, feede: that graze
In fields of *Erebus* and hels blacke laies,
When (drunke with *Lethe*) vp into the world
Obluion from their frothy mouthes is hurl'd.
Orphneus (shaking his vnruely head)
And *Aethon* (swift as flight) together tread
And (trampling in th'infernall entrie) beate
Each fire stricke flint from it's vnpaused seate:
Nictæus, with his staring maine, the best
Of *Stygian* brood, with braue *Alastor* drest
And ready harness; both together stand
And (rear'd on end) *Alectos* sterne command,
With scornfull neighing mocke: (full of disdain)
The cole black foure, scarcely themselues containe
Within hell gates (madde) on their masters prize
VVhich he expects, vpon the mornes vprise.

Finis Libri Primi.

THE

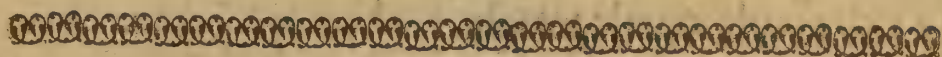


THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.



The Argument of the Second Booke.

*Proserpina suspectlesse of her woes
with Venus, Pallas, and Diana goes
To Ætna, on whose skirts the morning howr's
They spend, and crowne their temples with his flowr's:
Pluto his prey doth snatch; the goddeses
Pallas and Dian, followe to release
Their Sister: Ioue his clowdie sonne defends,
That with loud triumph downe to hell descends.*



BY this, the fable vaile of night, from farre
Vnsprad; and *Phæbus* in his golden Carre,
Prickes on the fiery Steeds, that force their way
And make new breach thorow th' *Ionian* Sea,
Whil'st (day yet mask't in night) his flaring beames,
Play with the waues, and mocke the blue gods streames,
About this morne peepe moment, the lost mayd
Lost, for she now by *Venus* was betrayd,
(Vnmindfull of her mothers stri& command)
For who can stricter Destinies with-stand?

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Boldly awakes, forgets all feare or doubt,
And to the dewy fields she sallies out;
Out went she, but no sooner tripped o're
The humble threshold, when her creaking dore,
VVith turned hinge thrice squeak't; as if it meant
To warne her from the desperate attempt.
Thrice it presag'd, thrice (guilty of her fate)
The neighbouring *Aetna* groan'd: but ah, too late!
For headlong will of woman, now, in her,
Rebellion nourished 'gainst iuster feare.
Out went she, and with her the sisters three,
Those goddesses, that bore her companie;
First iocund *Venus* hugg'd with her deceit,
Glad, that the houre for which she long did wait
Drew neere; but gladdest that her pow'rfull skill
Could draw the pow'rs infernall to her will.
The smooth-comb'd locks, that (on her golden head
She weares) part (like two skeines) and as in thread
Intangled, some crumples vp: so shee
Some longer wore, some crispt and curled bee;
In a rich purple mantle was she clad,
O're which, a belt (her sweating husband had
Fram'd in his Forge) she cast, which kept it on,
Buckled ther'to with a rich Orient stone:
Next *Venus* march't *Licæus* beautilous queene:
She (whom th' *Areadian* Swaines full oft haue seene
Fell their wilde Bores; and she) whose stately lance
Pandions Towr's protects, who doth aduance
The Cities Trophies: this, in strife and iarre
Bestirres her selfe (best pleas'd with bloody warre.
The other (a bold huntresse) loues to fright
The wildest beasts that tremble at her sight.

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Caru'd on a golden Helmet, *Pallas* bore
Huge *Typhons* picture, (whom she long before
Slew in *Ioues* quarrell:) *Typhons* vpper part
Is dead, the lower liuing; so in part
He liues, part dyes, that monstrous bulke of his,
Halfe man, halfe serpent, vpward, down-ward is
In her right hand a mighty speare she wieldes,
That tow'rs vp to the sky, no wood that yeelds
A tree so tall; and in her left hand, grac't
With dazling shield was vgly *Gorgon* plac't,
Crown'd with a head of snakes, whose visage grim
And killing looke, she with a vaile keepes in.
Dian appears in a more mild aspect,
More louely, and in euery respect
So like her brother, that each siluer ray,
(Vpon her glorious head) shin'd it (by day)
Were *Phæbus* selfe: whose light, whose eminence
She bore (Sex only breeding difference)
Her azure plumpe vein'd armes discouered bare,
And carelesse lockes playd with the gentle aire.
Th'vnbended bowe now gaue her sinewes rest,
And at her backe the shafts in quiver rest:
A short loose garment that she (fastned) weares
With double girt, scarce from her knee appeares;
On whose light ground (vnmatched to behold)
The wandring *Delos* floats in seas of gold:
With these, the ioy of *Ceres*, her deere child,
But soone, neere grieffe, keepes equall pace in field,
Equall in limbes and honour, and might seeme
Either of both; for euery one would deeme
He saw a goddesse, and would thinke her so,
Bore she but *Pallas* shield, or *Phæbus* bowe:

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Her gather'd garment fastned with a knot
By smoothest *Iasper* was ; and she was not
Inferior to the Sisters nor their skill,
For she could couzen Natures selfe (at will)
With art, which neuer happ'lier was showne,
Then in the rare bestowing of her combe,
On those two golden fleeces, that adorne
Her wel-shap't head; where they so eu'n were worn
That not the finest thred in loome of Lawne
Agreed, or could more equally be drawne :
Th' Imagery in silkes so liuely wrought
On her loose robe, might please the very thought
Of nice beholders ; who, when they should see
These pictures, and would iudge them but to bee,
Inanimate dead trunkes, might *Proserpine*
Pricke them but tongues, they'd speake and be diuine.
The bults she workt were of a goddesse breed,
(Resembling Sunne and Moone *Hyperions* seed)
But in their shapes she fashion'd different quite,
These two great Captaines of *Aurora*'nd Night :
Such, as when *Thetis* (they but tender, young,
Short breathed Infants) with a Nurse-like song
Rock't sleepe into their cradles, and doth take
To her warme lappe those sucklings when they wake ;
Tytan, thus weake : (in his minoritie)
Dimme lighted, and not clamber'd vp so high
(As now) with mounting wing; in which first age
Men faine him mild, and free from scorching rage :
Thus, feeble *Tytan*, at his Dammes right side
Lay panting ; and as often as he cry'd,
(For wantonnesse) so euer and anon
It sobb's, and spits a gentle fire, vpon

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

The louing Mother ; who to still and rest,
Turnes to his sister her left side and brest :
From whence, and at her Cristall dugge, she drinks
That milke-sweet liquor, whil' st her Sire bethinks
Him of the younglings : and the prettie Moone
Viewes in the Mothers arme , vnto her soone ;
He (sporting) calls, the wayward babe, that shoves
With one eye turned vpward, that it knowes
Nought but the dugge and *Thetis*, all else scornes,
Mockes him (kind father) with her little hornes.
In such great pompe, glitt' ring attire, she went:
The *Naides* (on both sides of her) bent
In friendly troope, to wait and beare her traine,
Compasse her round , each stroue to be most faine.
Those *Nymphes Crymnisus*, which thy fountaine cleere
And thine *Pantagia* (whose swift course doth beare,
And headlong rowle downe rocks:) do famous make
That Riuer too from whence *Gela* doth take
The Cities name, and they (flow *Camarine*)
Which in those fennie shallow lakes of thine
Are nourished ; those that in Crystall brooke,
And streames of *Arethusa*, all forsooke
Their loued homes ; and to make full the feast
Alpheus sends his Nymphes, and 'mongst the rest
That there attend in gratefull companie,
None did excell the fairest *Cyane*.
So *Amazones* in a triumphant band
With sloped shields march through the foe-mans land :
When man-like braue *Hyppolita*, with spoyle
(From *Arcton* hill, laden with goods and toyle)
Retires her snowy troopes ; then, when they sweate
In bloud of yellow *Scythians*, or beate,

And

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

And breake with sharpest axe the tougher Ice
That stops the current of swift *Tanais* :
So, the *Mæonian* Nymphes are wont to rise
From *Hermus*, when their vs'd solemnities
They giue to *Bacchus*, on whose festiuall
Each, seuerally, and then, together, all
Vpon their fathers gold swolne bankes run mad,
Frisking about : the aged riuer (glad)
Sits in his denne, and as their want he viewes
VVater in plenty from moist vrne renewes ;
No sooner had flow'r-bearing *Aetna* spi'd,
And from his hearby top farre off descri'd
The sacred people ; when milde *Zepherus*
He forceth with entreates, and vrgeth thus :
Thou grateful (wisht for father) of the Spring,
That 'bout my medowes (with lasciuious wing)
Fly'st, and there reign'st, that with perpetuall blast
Bedew'st the ground, mak'st it with freshnesse last :
Looke yonder, looke vpon those Nymphes that play
(Mongst whom) the thund'ers plants to sport this day,
Daigne midst my walkes ; be thou propitious,
Be present with thy odoriferous
Sweet flow'r's, now to their fulnesse blow them forth,
Ripen the blossomes and those sprouts of worth,
That fertile *Hybla* may at length confesse
(But enuie) that her fuitfulnesse is lesse.
VVhat euer sends the drie *Arabia*
Breathes from her spices on the morning grey ;
VVhat odours flatt'ring sence *Hydaspes* sends
From farre ; what ere the rare bird (that extends
Her flight to swartie *Indians* (there can find
That (though she want a mate) can raise her kind

From

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

From her owne death and ashes, and renews
Past yeeres with youth : sweet *Zephirus* infuse
The summe and all into these veines, and blow
With fullest cheeks : cherish these fields, that so
I may deserue the touch diuine, and pure
Of goddesse finger ; and so farre allure
These heau'nly pow'rs, they may be couetous
To weare our flowry garlands on their browes :
Here *Aetna* stopt, when straight the West-wind threw
Shak't (from his madid wings) a *Nectar* new
On the dry turfes , and ioines the clefted earth,
Begets in it a second fruitfull birth :
Where e're he flies a Spring of *Aprill* show'rs
Followes ; the ground swels vp with hearbs and flow'rs,
Which with their load (the moisture quickly spent)
Bend downe againe , and (fading) lose their sent.
This place he clotheth with the bloud-bright Rose,
That, with young *Hyacinthus*, there bestowes
The purple-painted (neere blacke) Violet.
What belt on *Parthian* King was euer set
In richer Iemmes ? what more varietie
In fleeces spotted with *Assyrian* dye ?
The Bird of *Iuno* in his greatest pride,
Shewes but dull eyes (with these faire colours tride :)
Not so (when watrish winter doth begin)
The Raine-bow crownes him with oft-varying,
When streaking the pale Sunne with redder fire (cleere :
The moystned tracke, through clouds disperc't shewes
The place exceeds the flowers : for a plaine
Here crooking swels ; there, seemes to rise againe
In hillockes soft, till, farther it becomes
A hill, where from a liuely punice runs

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

A bubling Spring, which growes into a Brooke,
From which it's moisture the dew'd grasse doth sucke;
For (as the Snake-like streame winds in and out)
It snares the hearbes and flow'rs round about:
The Woods coole leaues here serue for summers shade,
(By whose thicke boughes VVinters cold frost's allayd)
Where growes the Firre, the hard strong Cherrie-tree
For ships, for bowes (in warre) that fittest be:
Ioues loued Oke, young, and in vig'rous heat,
The old, with luscious hony-combes repleat:
The mournfull Cypresse couering sepulchre,
And Bay presaging Lawrel tree grew there:
The thicke-topt, spreading, crisped Boxe, (whose weight)
Doth make it waue, and totter from it's height:
The Serpent-like slow Yuie, and the Elme
Lac't with the Vine, makes it with Grapes o're-whelme.
A Lake which the *Sicilians*, *Pergus* name,
Was neere at hand; and to adorne the same,
A rowe of well-plac't trees begirt it round,
Whose silent water (free from noyse or sound)
Lookes pale, and suffers the beholders eyes
(Vnhurt) to search the bottomes secrecies.
The traine be'ing here arriu'd they ioy and sport
To see the flowry Country, to exhort,
Thus, *Cytherea*, them begins: Come, come,
Sisters, and gather till the morning Sunne
Drie the ayres sweat, whil'ft yet my *Lucifer*
(Mounted on dewy Courser) euery where
Waters the yellow fields: so, hauing spoke,
She first began to plucke a flow'r, first tooke
The badge of her old grieve, then each doth strue
And fall to worke; as when of Bees a Hiue

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Snatches the sweets of *Hyblas* Tyme; or when
Their Leaders with an Army (as 'mongst men)
Remoue their waxen tents: or, when they creepe
From hollow Beeches wombe, and (swarming) sweepe
The dustie ayre; when (swolne with their cropt store)
(Buzzing) they seeme to grumble yet for more.
So they made hauocke of the flow'rs, and spoile
Of all their glory, in a moments toyle.

The Lilly to the darker Violet

One weaues; another in her brest doth set
The soft-sweet *Marioram*; a third must goe
Starre-deckt with Roses; this in diff'ring showe
Prankes vp her selfe with Priuet white, and thee
They gather, and thy weeping Tragedie
(Poore *Hyacinth*) renew; nor doe they spare
Narcissus (both of you now branches rare
Of the fresh spring, and in your liues, the loyes
Of Nature, two most excellent sweet boyes)
Thee the tiles errour strooke, but thee, thine owne;
When in the fountaine that selfe-loue was knowne:

Apollo, with sad brow thy losse laments;

At thine *Cephisus* broken reed relents:

Proserpina, more greedy then the rest
(Most hot vpon the spoile) culls out the best,
And stuffes her *Ostier* baskets full; that smile
To see their Mistris the poore fields beguile
Of their rich habit; she with garlands crownes
Her temples (ignorant of fate) that frownes

Vpon the wreath she weares (propheticall
Swiftly fore-running the blacke Nuptiall)
The warlike Goddesse, her right hand, that scowres
The lustie troopes, that teares downe walls and towres,

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Giues to an easier taske ; layes by her speare
Her glist'ring shield (vnus'd such toyes to beare)
She teacheth now the garland to embrace,
Her steele-topp't helmet sweetest garlands grace :
Nor she, that in *Parthenian* Mountaines seekes
With sure nos'd senters after chase, dislikes
The sport, but her licentious lockes keepes downe,
And bridles them with a faire garland crowne :
Whil'st thus the scatter'd Virgins pull the flow'rs,
Behold a noyle 'gan bellow, as if two tow'rs
(Falling) had rush't together, or some Towne
From it's foundations firme had bin cast downe,
The cause none gest, but *Paphos* goddesse : she
Was preinstructed in the mystery,
And had this double passion at her choyse
To feare with them, but inwardly reioice :
And now the rector of the damn'd, below;
Through secret windings buffles to and fro,
To find a way to earth : first doth he fetch
A compasse here and there ; then makes a breach
Aloft ; his foggy Coursers trample on
Enceladus, that with their weight doth groane,
(The Gyants huge vaste limbes cut by their wheelles)
Addes to the former torments that he feelles ;
And lab'ring, with a double yoke, in paine :
(For he beares *Dis* and *Aetna* now) would faine
Finde ease ; the wearie Serpents (clinging) stay
Their axletree, the horses force their way,
And scudde along (too swift for them too slacke)
Their fiery wheelles slide from his sulph'rous backe.
And as the close besieger, by degrees
Steales on his mu'd vp foe, that nought foresees,

VVhil'st

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

VVhil' st he (by a laborious countermine
And secret) the mockt wals doth vndermine;
Whose strength and stricter guard none now protect,
(The Conqu'rouns entring, where they least expect)
Like to these earth-borne men. *Saturnes* third heire
Contriuies a passage vp to the VVorld's aire
His brothers Orbe, and giues his Steeds free reine
Searcheth through eu'ry corner: but (in vaine)
No gate appeares, huge heapes of rokces and stones
Damme vp his passage eu'ry where; not once
Discou'ring light, as purposely to keepe
The god close pris'ner in that dungeon deepe;
But he (enrag'd) brook't no delayes, and straight
Aduanc't his beamy scepter, with whose weight
He breakes the Rocks; teares the resisting ground,
The blow caus'd all *Sicilia's* Caues resound,
And Riuers rore; th'adiacent Islands shake,
Amazed *Vulcane* suddaine flight doth take,
(Leauing his forge) the trembling *Cyclop's* hide
Their fearefull heads, and cast *Ioues* bolts aside;
The poore cold dweller on steepe *Appenine*,
And frozen passengers, that slowly climbe
The hoary *Alpes*, amazed stand, and doubt
Of some new broile 'twixt *Ioue* and *Gyant* rowt:
Those that (along thy streames) with naked limbe
Perpetuall trophie bearing *Tyber*, swimme,
And those that to thy current famous *Po*
Launch out their little barks, heard that great blowe:
So when (on lower Plaines of *Theßalie*)
A standing poole (by rockie Mountaines high
Inclos'd) denies vnto the marish ground
Tillage; and pasture to the meadows drown'd;

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Till angry *Neptune* with his *Tridents* pikes,
Pierceth high *Ossa*, and cold *Olympus* strikes;
Whose wounded sides open a passage wide,
At which th'imprison'd waters (loos'ned) slide,
The Floods vnto the Sea, and drier land
Restored are, vnto the Husbandman.
No sooner was Earths knotty vaile vndone
(By *Pluto*) when *Trinacria* begun
To spread her large and op'ning wombe; and now
A suddaine fright, vpon the pallid brow
Of heau'n appeares; the stars vnus'd to stray
From their first course, seeke an vncertaine way:
The two celestiaall Beares that shone so bright
In the forbidden Sea dash their dimme light.
Lazy *Böotes* feare doth headlong cast,
Orion trembles, *Atlas* stands aghast
At hels Iades neighing, whose breath, misty steams
Obscure heau'ns face, and *Phæbus* golden beams;
His radiant brightnesse in the beasts doth breed
A suddaine terror, for they vse to feed
Perpetually in darknesse: now by fits,
Betwixt their teeth they catch the champed bits,
And (winding sidelong) their Coach beame would turne
Backward to hell, and *Chaos* to returne.
But when they once the Tarry whip perceiue
Lash their blacke buttockes, quickly then they leaue
Their strife; and (forc't to the new light) depart
Swifter then winter floud, or *Parthian* dart:
The violence of *Southerne* stormes is slowe
To their quicke pace, that nimblest thoughts outgoe:
The reines grow hot with their ranke bloud, and breath
From fornace of their nostrils sends pale death

Into

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Into the purer ayre : their froth, vpon
Th'vntroden sands leaues strong infection.
The Nymphs all fled,saue *Proserpine* ; (who caught
And snatcht into the Chariot) besought
The goddesses with screaming loud for ayde ;
Pallas that viewes her (how she was betrayd)
Discouers *Gorgons* visage ; *Delta* too
To her reliefe hastens the horne-bent bowe :
Nor giue they way vnto their Vncle, for
Ioint Charitie incites them to this warre,
Virginity in them and *Proserpine*
(Alike)exasperates the fault and crime
Of the bold rauisher; he keepes his way
(Fearelesse :) as when the Lion makes a prey
On some young Steere the beauty of the stall
And herd, when with his pawes besmeared all
In bloud, he dines into the naked brest
Vntill his rau'nous hunger there supprest,
Quarters out more, at length his appetite
Quite slak't (with staring gaze that would affright)
He carelesse stands, shaking his knotted maine
(As if the Herdsmans threats hee did disdain.)
Thou ruler of the sluggish Orbe, thou worst
(Quoth *Pallas*) of thy brothers; thou accurst :
What Furies with their whips and brands profane
Haue moou'd thee? that (thy kingdome left in vain)
Thou dar'st pollute the earth : Away, begone :
Chuse 'mongst thy *Diræ* a Companion
Worthy thy bed ; thy brothers kingdome leaue
And doe not others of their lot bereaue :
Backe to thy night, why minglest thou the dead,
To liuers? why (a stranger) dost thou tread

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Vpon our Globe? She thus exclames, and wounds
The horn-hoof'd steeds (making them keep their bounds
With her opposed shield) they stoppe, and shee
With vprear'd launce was readie to let flee
Against the Chariot, had not Heauens King
(In signe of Truce) bow'd his red thund'ring Wing
(Acknowledging his sonne) and from aboue
The gaping Clouds, doth *Hymen* reapproue
Th'eternall Knot; and with their blazing light,
His flames, are witnesses to *Pluto's* right:
The Goddesses forbore, *Cynthia* her Bow
Vnbends, but addes these words vnto her woe.
Be mindfull (ah farewell) the iust respect
Of father, hath deni'de vs to protect
Thy person, nor can wee in armes withstand
Him, that inflicts on vs his dread command:
Thy Sire is bent against thee, thou must goe
Vnto those silent people (there below;) (Alas poore Virgin) and shalt neuer see
Thy sisters more, nor equall companie.
What fate? what fortune from aboue thee beares
(Dooming the starres vnto perpetuall teares)
No more my Nets shall 'bout *Parthenian* Caue
Be spred, no more will I my Quiuer haue;
And now securely may the wilder Boare
Foame, and the raging Lyon freely roare:
Taygetus and *Arcadia* shall bewaile
Thee; when my hunting them begins to faile,
Sad *Cynthus* will bemoane thy destinie,
And *Delfo's* Oracle must silent be:
Whil' st thus she mournes, the wofull *Proserpine*
(Her loose haire scatter'd to the Southerne wind)

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

(In swift-drawne Chariot wringing her soft hands
On sorrow-beaten brest) these vaine demands
Pow'r's against heaven: why? ah why (quoth she)
Didd'st thou not (father) cast thy darts at me
By hands of *Cyclops* made? and not expell
Thy daughter hence in dismall shades to dwell?
No loue of father? could no pittie moue
What fault of mine hath thus incens'd great *Ioue*?
When *Phlegra* rag'd in suddaine tumults, I
No Banner waue'd 'gainst their enemy,
The gods; nor then by strength of mine at all
Did frosty *Olympus* on cold *Ossa* fall:
What mischief haue I practis'd? of what fault
Made guilty? am I banisht to hells Vault,
Vaste op'ning iawes? happy, oh happy they,
Whom other Rauishers haue made their prey,
And borne with them! at least in their annoy
The common light, the Sun-shine such enioy:
But I; Heau'n, Earth, Virginitie must leaue,
The *Stygian* king doth me of shame bereaue:
Oh ill lou'd flow'rs, mockt Parents counsailes ill,
Sad triall learn't (too late) of *Venus* skill!
My dearest Mother, whether *Lydian* song
In Vale of *Ida*, thee detaine thus long:
Or, whether thou to *Dyndimus* bee'st gone
To bloody sacrifice, there (looking on
Cybel's mad Priests, that with their drawn swords roame
About those hils:) make haste and quickly come
To my reliefe: succour my franticke griefe,
Hold in the loose raines of this cruell thiefe.
He at these words, and seemely mourning grew,
A stronger melting passion to renew;

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

And with his sooty garment dries her teares
(Temp'ring with mildest voice her cause-lesse feares :)
Cease, sweetest *Proserpine*, to vex thy minde
With vaine laments, a husband thou shalt find
Worthy thy loue; know, we are *Saturnes* sonne,
That ouer all things beare dominion :
Nor thinke that thou the glad some day hast lost,
Since we of starres and purer light may boast ;
VWhen thou th' *Elizian* brightnesse shalt admire,
And happy soules free from tormenting fire,
VWhere the more precious golden age doth keepe
(In an eternall quiet lul'd asleepe :)
VWhere *Zephirus*, faire flowr's of richest worth
Breathes out (such as thy *Aetna* ne're brought forth)
Where in the shadie Groues a rich tree growes,
Whose arched boughes the golden Apple shews,
That consecrate I to thee, and will make
A happie lasting Autumne for thy sake :
What e're the liquid ayre, what *Aeolus*
Containes (my louely queene shall bee for vs,
Earth, Seas and Riuers, all that in them liue,
To thy commands shall their obeisance giue,
The rich-clad purple kings shall humbly fall
Before thy throne (mixt with the poore) for all
Death equals; thou the guilty and vniust
Shalt iudge, with them, the Innocent and Iust,
Those shal bewaile their crimes, these shall be blest
By thee, and sent into eternall rest :
The Destinies vpon thy will shall waite,
And what thou orderest be held for fate
Immoueable : (this sayd) they now drew neere
Hell gates, he enter'd with vnusuall cheere.

Like

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Like shaken leaues in saplesse Autumne cast,
From trees to earth, by furious Southerne blast,
Or rainie drops in a thicke Cloud or sand,
By broken waues cast vp into the land:
The damned soules in thronging multitude,
To view their queene, boldly themselues intrude:
At entrance of his Lords great *Phlegeton*
Arise, and from boiling streames, vpon
His bristled beard casts moisture, and that face
All on a flame: the Fiends, each to his place
And seuerall office them addresse; some chuse
To set the Chariot vp, whil'st others loose
Th'vnharneft couples (turning them to graze
On their knowne pastures, blacke *Cocytus* layes:
Part decke the Palace with rich Tapistrie
(Set out with curious wrought Imagerie:)
Part drest the windowes with fresh flow'rs; within,
The Nuptiall bed, others with Cou'rings trimme:
Th'*Elizian* Matrons round begirt their queene
In a chaste troope (whose tender sorrow scene
By sweet words eas'd) they order her loose haire,
And hide with flaming vaile the shame-fac't faire
The Region pale and bleak, wanne ghosts now free,
Doe frolicke in triumphant iollity;
(Darke silence interrupted) loud they sing,
And horrid peales with noyse (vndaunted) ring
Hels grones now ceast, and (filth of vgly night
Disperc't) she's rarifi'd with purer light:
Minos no more casts lotts, the soules condemn'd
Of their dilated paines now find an end;
No lash resounds; *Ixion* from his wheele
Is loos'ned, and (refresht) doth comfort feele:

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Poore *Tantalus* the enuious water sippes,
And tast's the fruit erst mockt his thirsty lippes :
Tytius vaste limbes are rayed from the ground,
(Where he nine Acres couer'd) and vnbound,
(The rau'nous Vulture from his panting brest
Dissolu'd) laments (as a forbidden guest :)
The Furies now forgetfull of their rage,
With softest notes, their strict reuenge asswage,
Huge goblets they prepare, and drinke a fill
Of wine, in which their monstrous locks they swil ;
To the *Ceraestes* powre carowles deepe,
(Whil' st with new light still burning fresh they keepe
The festiuall spent Torches :) now, you take
A safer flight over *Auernus* Lake
(Then erst) you birds ; (still wont to sacrifice
Your selues to vapours thicke that thence arise.)
(*Amfancus* current swift now stopt) the noyse
Ceas't, boiling *Acheron* gan loud reioice,
That his hot waues (turn'd to a fountaine) run
Coole streames of milke ; which, they had neuer done
Till now ; And now *Cocytus* flourishing
(All clad in Yuie) offers to hells king
A standing Poole, and of *Lyæus* store,
Of sacred liquor. *Atropos* forbore
(In signe of triumph now) with cruell hand
Lifes thred to cut : at *Plutos* dire command
Death stops his progresse, now no teares are spent,
Nor Kindred, Kindreds Funerals lament :
The Sea-man scapes all stormes ; the Souldier, he
Securely fights (from shot and sharp pike free ;)
Free from contagion healthy Cities are,
Free from the plagues of famine, sicknesse, warre :

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Old *Charon* crown'd with reeds betwixt each shore
Keepes singing time with stroke of idle Oare :
The Eu'ning *Hesperus* (descending) fled
To th' Orbes below : now to her Nuptiall bed
The Virgin's brought, starre-painted night looks on
As (witnesse) to the marriage: she, vpon
Them both show'rs happy blessings to ensue
From this eternall vnion, and a crew
Of blest *Elizian* Saints thus sweetly sing,
Presaging notes to their faire *Queene* and King.
Our Mother *Iuno*, and of thundring *Ioue*
(Thou Sonne in lawe, and brother) may all loue
Beget soft rest vnto you both; and knit
Those mutuall neckes in your embraces fit.
A prosp'rous race growes toward now; and glad
Nature expects more gods : oh may you adde
New deities, new pow'rs to hells affaires,
Make *Ceres* Grandam to your wished heires.

Finis Libri Secundi.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

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Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

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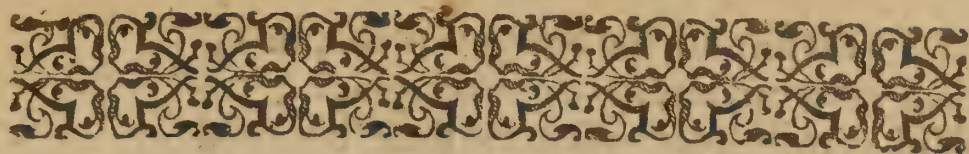
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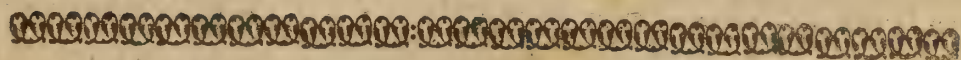
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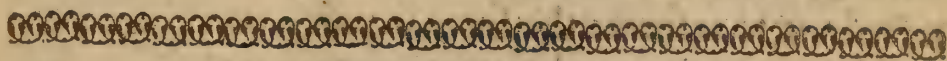


THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.



The Argument of the Third Booke.

*Ioue calls a Synode of the gods, reueales
His will: each of them, secretly, conceales
The rape, from Ceres vnto Phrigia gone,
She dreames, returneth home (her losse being knowne)
'Gainst gods sh' exclaimes (enrag'd) the world about
Searcheth with lights her daughter to find out.*



WHil' st hell thus triumphs, *Iupiter* aboue (mooue,
Commands *Thaumas* (girt with cloudes to
And summon vp the pow'rs of earth and seas,
(Clad all in red) she downward slides, with ease,
On *Zephires* wings; the gods, the Sea Nymphes all,
And riuers, from their humid dens doth call:
(Twixt feare and doubt they rowse themselves) but muse
What new occasion, or what suddaine newes
Disturbes their quiet rest; and (being come
To heauens starre-Chamber) each their proper roome
And place prouided haue, with order fit;
In the first ranke the gods Celestiall sit:

And

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

And in the second, the Sea pow'rs are plac't,
Calme *Nereus*, and aged *Phorcus*, grac't
With comely hoarinesse; (next these, biform'd
Glaucus was set, and *Proteus* (vntransform'd)
In his owne shape: the ancient and great
Riuers were honour'd with a feu'rall seate;
But thousand lesler Brookes (as was most meet
For youth) like common rowt stood on their feet:
The VVater-Nymphes, each, to her liquid Sire
Leanes, and dumbe gazing Fawns, heau'ns stars admire.
Then the graue father from *Olympus* high
Thus spoke, and breathed forth this mysterie:
At length, the care of mans affaires, againe
Solicites me, which, since the lazie reigne
Of idle Saturne long neglected were;
VVhen we perceiu'd how men secure from feare,
Lay steep't and bur'd in my fathers sloth,
Then to giue further suff'rance we were loth:
But (willing to reforme the same in part)
Spurr'd vp inuention, and gaue reines to Art:
Then were we pleased that th' vntilled field
(Lesse liberall) lesse store of Graine should yeeld:
That hony in the woods more scarce should grow,
And wine no more from swelling Fountaines flow:
Not that we enuious were, or basely prone
To pois'nous malice; but, when ouer-growne
VVe plenty saw, and easfull ryot, blind
The light of reason, to dissuade mankind
VVe willing were, dull spirits to reuiue:
That each man might by his owne labour liue,
That, sharpe necessity should then produce
And bring forth arts (to be brought vp by vse.)

But

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

But Nature vrgeth vs (with sad complaint)
To ease poore man (for such a burden faint)
And (hauing to my charge the Tyrant layd)
VVith former golden age doth vs vpbrayd;
She calls *Ioue*, Miser, sayes; that she is franke,
Exclaimes, that we, the fields with thistles ranke
And to growe barren, suffer: that the yeere
Doth fruitlesse passe.
That she, (who vnto mortals long did vowe
Her selfe Kinde mother) is turn'd Stepdame now,
And thus proceeds: what boots it, wretched man
To haue a soule (from heauen infus'd) that can
Discourse and reason, and his lofty head
Lift vp; if he like beasts a life must lead,
(VVandring with them in the wild woods, to get
The fruit of Swinish acorns for his meate?
Is this (sayth she) to liue? with such distast
The common mother vrg'd, that we; at last
Contented were, she thus much should obtaine,
That from *Chaonian* food her sonnes abstaine;
To which effect, we solemnly decree:
That, *Ceres*, of her daughters Destinie
Witleffe (who now with her curst Damme remaines,
Lashing th' Idcan Lyons o're those Plaines)
With wailefull mourning search the world throughout,
Till (hauing in th' end of her pledge found out)
In signe of her new ioy (for old grieve past)
Huge heapes of haruest she may from her cast,
From golden Carre, and spread ripe eares of corne
Vpon the fields by her blue Dragons borne.
But list, you gods; if any here reueale
The rape of *Proserpine*; or not conceale

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

The Rauisher from *Ceres*, I protest
A gen'ral ruine to the peace and rest
Of things ; (be he a sonne, or sister she,
Or wife of mine, or that deere daughter be
That from my brain-pan boasts her birth) shal feele
The stroke of thunder and reuengefull steele
Of *Gorgons* fury : and though she must liue,
(For deities dye not) yet shall she grieve
To haue been borne of heauen, and wish for death.
Like punishment my vengeance shall vnsheath
On any of you (*Riuers*) thar withstand
The secrecie of this my strict command :
(By me first wounded) him, my sonne in lawe
Repunish shall ; this for a sacred lawe
Establisht stand : (this sayd) and past for fate,
The starres were shak't, and seate whereon he fate.
And now the apparitions of blacke night,
And fearefull mischiefe *Ceres* do affright :
Who (absent from this Synode, and secure)
To her still thought could sweetest rest procure ;
But now each moment doth ingeminate
Her doubtfull feares, and vgly night (as fate)
Whispers the sad mishap of *Proserpine*,
Who, (in each dreame of hers) seemes to decline
More from her pristine being ; eu'ry sleepe
Of *Ceres*, her vext soule in cares doth sleepe.
So still she groanes in night, and when day comes,
Cold wonderment her stupid sence benummes,
Till next night's fantasies, in which ; a dart,
One while (her seemeth) to her daughters heart
Fast'ned appeares ; and (as a horrid sight)
She loathes her garment chang'd from chafest white:

The

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

The trees that in her walkes she long did know
Barren, now fresh (she thinkes) and fruitfull growe:
But one (amongst them all) she liked best,
Whose shamefac't leaues seru'd for a shade in rest
To *Proserpine*: the Bay tree that, she sees
Cut from the root, and by strange cruelties
Of art, the boughes lopt off; boughes, that about
In freshnesse, now ly wither'd on the ground,
And (as she thought) of this great wickednesse
Enquiring, wofull *Driades* expresse
The lamentable Storie; here (say they)
The raging Fiends haue made a bloudy Fray
VVith hellish axe; and layd the dust along
Thy lawrell greene, fresh feeling of it's wrong.
At length, all circumstances, all disguise
Vnmask'd, poore *Ceres* her ill fortune spies
In her owne child, that now her selfe appeares
Her owne forc't-messenger, wet-visage, cleeres
All wau'ring doubts, which (when the goddesse wakes)
She puts away, and on her, new grieve takes;
For *Proserpine* appear'd, as if she seem'd
Shut in close prison, and her mother deem'd
Her fetter'd with strong shackles, not as she
VVas left by her in fruitfull *Sicilie*;
Nor (as the goddeses her found, when they
In *Aetnas* rosie vallies her astray
Did leade, but now; those lockes she might behold
(VVhilome surpassing ambar and faire gold
In brightnes) squallid blacke, the sparkling light
Fire of her eyes, extinguisht is by night,
A night of sorrow, and that blushing red
Vpon her cheek (exhaust with cold) growne dead.

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

The Rubies, of her well grac't lippes quite spent,
And limbes, then snow erst whiter, with the sent
And colour of hels pitch, defil'd, to view
Of *Ceres*, were so strange, she scarce her knew:
Yet, seeing her so chang'd: gods! what a sight
Is here, (sayth she?) what bitter wofull plight?
What fault? what punishments are these? what face?
What macerated monster of disgrace
Is this? (she addes:) who thus hath pow'r (she cries)
Hath pow'r thus much on vs to tyrannize?
Why bearest thou these bonds, this chaine, vnfit
For wild beasts? Doe thy soft armes merit it?
Art thou (quoth she) my child, or dreame I, art mine?
VWhen the vex't Image of poore *Proserpine*
Reply'd with terrour: Mother, oh, thou blinde
Mother; oh thou to thy lost child vnkinde!
Could'st thou (more cruell then the Lyons) whom
Thou kept'st in awe, so long thy comming home
Deferre; and me that was thine only deare,
So long forget, was I despis'd? then heare
A dolefull truth, that name of *Proserpine*
So sweet to thee; so lou'd, so only thine,
Only that name remaines: for, see, behold
VWhat punishment, what bonds do me infold:
But (cruell) thou in vprere with a song
Through *Phrigian* Cities hurri'st, and of wrong
To me art witleffe; yet, if mothers brest
Haue not quite left thee: if thou yet, of blest
And holy *Ceres* bear'st the name, let me
Begge one boone at thy hands (my liberty:)
Carry me vp againe, but if too late
I strue 'gainst *Ioue*, and my prefixed fate:

The Rape of PROSEPRINE.

If backe I neuer must returne; yet thou,
At least, with comfortable visit now
Come see mee: thus she spake, and going about
To stretch her hands, she could not hold them out,
(So clogg'd with yr'ns) that (as she vanisht) shook:
(At which noyse) *Ceres* fearefully awoke,
Glad, that the vision had no trewer prou'd,
But sorry for the want of her belou'd;
Vp straight she gets in a distracted mood,
And to *Cybele* doth her griefes vnload:
No longer (sacred Parent) can I stay
In *Phrigian* ground; the care calls me away
Of dearest child, she's yet a Girle and young,
Knowes not the danger of a flatt'ring tongue:
Her tender yeeres vnto all hazard yet
Doe her expose, nor do those buildings great
And trustie, of the *Cyclops*, me assure:
Each blast of fame, doth make me lesse secure
Of safety (lest she to the gods reueale
My secret house) nor can the Isle conceale
My daughters being there (it being a place
So famous) and withall th'apparent blaze
Of *Aetna*, and *Enceladus* deepe groanes
Cannot be hid, nor silenced his moanes.
My boading dreames in sundry vncouth formes
Presage, and eu'ry dreame sends fresh alar'mes
Of doubts vnto me, my Prophetick thought
Still threatens, and hath still vpon me wrought.
As often as the crowne of golden eares
Falls from my head of't selfe, vp get my feares
As oft, and stirre the bloud that on my brest
Stands in a sweat, whilst I (perplex'd) no rest

*The Rape of P*ROSERPINE.

Can take : then on a suddaine doe arise
Two streames, that breake from my vnwilling eyes,
My rebell hand doth beate my trembling heart,
VVhen I would touch my pipe (it seemes) all Art
And sweetnesse failes; that nothing doth remaine
But the dead sound, and (being in this vaine)
My Tymbrel's strokes, nought but sad sounds forth send;
All things (I feare) my griefes to come portend :
Delay is dangerous, such words (replyes
Cybele) may they frustrate mount the skies ;
Ioue's not so slacke : but (to her latest end)
VVith thunder, will be ready to defend
His pledge ; but thou thy iourney onward haste,
And backe returne , when thy false feare's ore'past:
Ceres takes leaue, the Temple leaues, and set
Vpon her Chariot) thinkes the Dragons yet
Are dull and lazy, with her lash that rings
In th'ayre, belabours their alternate wings:
Tow'rd *Sicilie* she driues amaine, and scant
O're *Ida*, but despaires, suspects her want.
As a poore bird (of tender young bereft,
VWho to some tree or lower hedge were left,
VVhil' st she prepar'd them food; euer from whence
Her flight she takes, a kind of troubled sence,
Tender remorse she hath : first, lest the wind
Her nest blowe downe; next, lest she empty find
The same (to men or Snakes a prey) so she,
So *Ceres*, when she saw the custodie
Faile, and the watch-folke of her house all gone,
The postes broke vp, hinges cast downe, vpon
Her out-rooms desolate; with such a sight
And vnexpected change, all in a fright

Her

The Rape of PROSEPRINE.

Her clothes she rent, and from her soft haire teares
The sprigges and it; this madnesse dry'd her teares,
Nor had she breath to speake; but hauing spent
VVith trembling, all her spirits (as she went
Forward) the first step was a stumble still,
Yet on she goes, and with a madding will
VVanders about, to view these emptie roomes:
(As she from one into another comes)
On a disorder'd frame at length she lights,
The worker well she knew, but poorely flights
Th'imperfect piece, for (the diuine worke, spy'd)
She found, that the bold Spider had supply'd
VVith sacrilegious webbe, that emptie space:
Yet she nor wept, nor grieu'd; but kist the place
And cloth vnfinished, vpon those threds
She spends her dumbe complaints, and thinks she reades
Her daughter, on those faces: eu'ry toy
About the scatter'd roomes, doth she enioy
And hugge for *Proserpine*: now the chaste couch
And forlorne bed inuites her to approach,
Which sluttishly (vnmade) seemes to complaine
For want of the soft waight it did sustaine.
Amaz'd she stands, (strook dumbe, in such distresse
Like a poore Swaine, or simple Shepheardesse,
(Whose flocke, whil'st she was farre from their reliefe
To *Africke* Lyons rage, or cunning thiefe,
Expos'd) too late can she returne, and calls
The beasts (in vaine) within their hurdle walls;
So *Ceres*: and in th'vtmost roome she spy'd
Electra, Nurse vnto her child, a tride
Seruant of hers; and of the Ocean (came.
The most knowne ancient Nymph (from whence shee
Like

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Like *Ceres* selfe, in goodnesse ; this was she
That *Proserpine* from tender infancie
Bore at her brest ; and, till she went alone,
Was vs'd for sport, *Ioues* thigh to set her on.
This her Companion was, her Guard select,
Whom (next her Mother) she would most respect.
When her thus *Ceres* found, rob'd of her trust,
With hoarie lockes now scatter'd in the dust,
(After a volley of loud sighes) the reines
To grieve she loosens, and breathes out her paines :
VWhat sacke is this (saide she?) And are we giu'n
A prey to *Titans* hoast? Reignes *Ioue* in Heau'n?
(The Thund'rer liuing) who durst be so bold?
VWho durst commit this outrage, vncontrol'd?
Typhæus, *Alcyoneus*, haue these
Broke from the Mountaines, giu'n their yoakt-necks ease?
Or hath my neighbour *Aetna*, *Enceladus*
Freed? Or my household gods, *Briareus*
And seat destroy'd? Ah, where art thou (my Deare)
Those handmaids that attended on thee, where?
VWhere, where is *Cyane*? what violence,
My chanting *Syrens*, hath remou'd you hence?
Is this your faith? is this your loyaltie,
To keepe anothers Pledge from danger free?
The poore Nurse trembled, and her grieve gaue place
To stronger feare ; not to haue seene the face
Of wofull *Ceres*, she would gladly haue dy'de :
Sencelesse, amaz'd, awhile she doth abide,
(As loth the doubtfull mischiefe to disclose)
Vntill at length, dispensing with her woes
And passions, thus she spake : I would the mad
And raging Armie of the Gyants had

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Beene actors in this mischiefe; common things
Doe lesse affect vs, sorrow that most wrings
Is that which by our neereſt friends is ſought,
And ſuch is thine, for goddeſſes haue wrought,
Conſpir'd thy ruine, nay (which leaſt of all
Thou might'ſt ſuſpect) ſiſters, did cauſe our fall:
The trech'rous gods and woundes here behold
Of enui'ous kindred, that their bloods haue ſold.
Phlegra 'gainſt heau'n was ne're ſo furious,
As heau'n 'gainſt thee (all vnpropitious)
Thy houſe a happy quiet did poſſeſſe,
While the chafte Virgin neuer would expreſſe
A thought of gadding, or ſcarce once beſtowe
Her dainty footē (one only ſtep to goe
Ouer the threshold) neither durſt ſhe make
A ſally to the fields, freſh ayre to take.
So ſtriſt ſhe was to thy commands, ſo bent
To her lou'd worke: at which (though tyr'd and ſpent)
All the delight and ſolace ſhe deſir'd
Was, from her *Syrens* ſongs and notes admir'd.
I was her boſome friend, ſhe would impart
To me, the ioyes or ſorrowes of her heart;
I was her bed-fellow, and to each ſport
(As a companion ſhould I ſtill reſort:)
Thus paſt we fairely on, till *Venus* came
Drawne hither (doubtfull) by what blaſt of fame;
And that ſhe might the leſſe ſuſpected be,
Phæbe and *Pallas* are her companie:
With cunning ſmiles, and fain'd embraces ſoft
She often hugges thy daughter, and as oft
The name of ſiſter iterates; complaines,
On her hard Mother: that ſo much reſtraines.

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Her, from wisht libertie; and thinkes it strange
That thou abroad so farre from home could'st range,
And leaue her in this solitarie place;
Farre from her fathers kingdome, that the face
Of heauen scarce she sees: and (that which most
Doth pittie moue, her conuersation lost
With kindred gods) the simple Mayd gaue care
(Caught by this wily chat, and free from feare)
The goddesses she makes her welcome ghests,
Whom, with quaint cates and *Nectar* store she feasts:
The banquet done in sport and merriment
She wore *Diana's* robe, and her bowe bent
With tender finger drew; and sought to wield
Minerva's golden head-piece, and huge shield:
But *Venus*, straight, deceitfully 'gan prayse
Aetna's high top, and to the skies to rayse
The Vallies flow'rs, and something her admir'd,
Of which, she wittingly, witleffe enquir'd:
She could not thinke, or easily beleue
The Rose, from all those frosts preferu'd, should liue::
Or that the colder Months should there retaine
The Summers grasse, all winter to remaine;
Nor, that the tender blossomes of the Spring
Are nip't, by ang'ry *Bootes* blustering:
(Thus praying and thus doubting) with desire
To see the place, her brest was set on fire;
Thy tender Virgins fraile, vnwary yeeres
Made her consent to goe, & encrease my feares.
What teares spent I, to hinder her (in vaine?)
How little did my ntreaties (fruitlesse) gaine
From her? that (now resolu'd and confident)
In sisters guard (together with them went?)

And

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

And (a large traine of Nymphs t'attend them seene
Vnto the Medowes cloth'd in lasting greene)
With the first morning light, when as the field
Yet chill with dewe, heau'ns liquid iuice doth yeeld
To banke of Violets; they gather'd there
The moyst'ned flow'rs, that, with perle drops appeare:
But when the Sunne grew to the mid-dayes height,
The Pole was ceaz'd on, by vnlook't-for night:
The trembling Island then began to reele
And nod (shak't by the noyse of Chariot wheele,
Of horses neighing) nor could it appeare
(Whether the Coach-man Deaths fore-runner were,
Or death her selfe:) the grasse and riuers great
Were dri'd, the fields, straight burnt with parching heat:
All things were blasted; there, the Priuet white
We sawe, the Rose and Lilly alter'd quite
From natiue sent and colour: eu'ry flow'r
The pestilent contagion blasteth o're:
And (as the hoarse fell steers-man turn'd againe,
With horrid out-cries of each beast the raine)
Backe with the hell-blacke Chariot returnes night,
And to the World the day-restored light
Discouers our sad losse and heauinesse:
For now no *Proserpine*, nor goddes
Were seene; for she deare soule was rapt away,
And they (that act performed) made no stay:
Poore *Cyane* vpon the Meddow ground
Strooke dead, with cold amazement next we found;
And (as she lay) the garland from her browe.
We tooke, whole fresher flow'rs were wither'd now
VWith the hot steame: there each of vs enquires,
And of our Mistris hap to know desires

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Of her (who neereſt was to the ſucceſſe)
Each of vs with vncertaine doubtfulneſſe
Demands the colour of the Steeds, and who
The Coach-man was; but ſhe (that melts in woe)
Nothing replies, of nothing vs reſolves:
But (metamorphos'd) ſecretly diſſolues
Her ſelfe into a Fountaine; that ſoft haire
Vpon her head, her feet new turned are
Into a dew; thoſe armes diffuſed growe
In ſtreams, that (following our foot-ſteps) o're-flow.
The reſt fled, and our Mer-mayds with ſwift wing
Trudge to *Pelorus*, and (for grieve) to ſing,
Since, ceaſe: and now (in ſtead of melody)
Plagues they portend, and dire mortality;
And their ſoft voices now ſerue but t'entice
Th'vnheedy Mariner, that in a trice
(Anſw'ring their calls) finds his vnhappy end;
Of all thy ſeruants, I alone t'attend
Thy ſorrowes liue: *Ceres* in deepe ſuſpence,
(Foole that ſhe was) hop't that yet no offence
Was paſt, and ſtill to come; but by and by
That moode ſhe changeth, and (with fiery eye
Turn'd in her head, her breaſt enrag'd) about
Vp to the gods ſhe flings (with plaints to moue)
As a fierce Tygreſſe, when her den's forlorne
Of tender young, (by fearefull horſe-man borne
To *Persian* king, madding) out ſtrips the wind;
(Diſperſing all her rage, and fury blind
In ſhining ſpots:) at length ſhe ouertakes
The Hunter, and with yawning wide mouth makes
Him leaue his prey; but in a ſhape of glaſſe
He coozens the poore beaſt, and ſafe doth paſſe

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Onward his way : th'enraged Mother thus
Throughout all heaven stormes : restore to vs
Restore, sh'exclaimes ; we are no wandring brood
Of some base Riuer , nor *Plebeian* blood
Of *Driades* flowes from vs ; *Saturne* high
Begot me on the tow'ry *Cybele* :
Where is the priuiledge of gods then ? where
You gods , of those drad lawes the sacred feare ?
What bootes a vertuous life, or what ? the faire
Title of good, if *Cytherea* dare,
If shamelesse she presume to shew that face
(Vnmask't by *Lemnian* nets, to her disgrace ?)
That wholesome sleep, the couch, those twynings chaste
Of her and *Mars* , made her thus bold at last
With me and mine : since when (no maruaile) though
Such deeds, and such base actions from her flowe :
But what ? are you turn'd *Pandore*ses, your;
Dian and *Pallas*, that yet neuer knew
What lust meant ? Is your mayden honour gone ?
Are your vowes chang'd, that thus you waited on
Venus and her bolde *Ruffian* ? (suffice :)
You both deseru'd the bloody sacrifice
Of thirsty *Scythian* altar : let me know
The reason of your rage ; what mou'd you so
'Gainst *Proserpine* ? did she in word or thought
Offend you euer, had she euer fought
T'expell thee, *Delia*, from thy groues ? or e're
Did she, *Tritonia*, thy strong armes beare.
Or was sh'offensiuie in her speech ? or rude,
(Her selfe into your dances to intrude ?)
Oh no : *Trinacria* was her loued home,
She neuer stirr'd, neuer from thence would roame:

The Rape of P ROSE R P I N E.

But what auail'd such priuacie? no day,
No time, could keepe your enuious eyes away:
Thus she the goddesses (that silent were,
Aw'd by great *Ioue*) blam'd with her speech seuer:
(Silent) they nought would know, and no reliefe
Could giue, but teares (sad *Eccho's* to her grieve)
VVhat should she doe? yet to another straine
She (falls) into intreaties mild againe.
Pardon (quoth shee) yee deities, if loue,
If my too strong affection, did moue
A wretch to those extremes, that were vnfit;
Pardon ye Powr's diuine and pittie it.
Looke, how I kneele; looke, how mine age doth bow
Lowe at your feete: (thus prostrate) let me know
(Only) the certainty of my sad state,
The manner of my woes vnfortunate:
(VVhat e're) let me but knowe it; I shall thinke,
That fate (not mischief) made my fortunes sinke:
Let me but see my daughter once: not? no?
Shall I, the search of mine owne bloud forgoe?
But, feare not (whosoe're thou art: thy prey
Safely enioy; I, to thy choyse giue way.
And if the Rauisher (you goddesses)
Haue brib'd you, for your silence? yet confesse,
At least (*Latona*) thou, thou that too well,
Lucina's name, and our great paines canst tell;
That double birth, the twinnes (which thou didst beare)
VVell testifie, how much the loue and feare
Of children costs vs; thou, still happy art
In two, whil' st I of one haue lost my part:
So maist thou euer (to thy wisht desire)
Enioy thy yellow sonne and daughter deere.

The Rape of PROSEPRINE.

The goddesses (at these fresh plaint's) no pow'r
Had, to refraine; but with a second show'r
Of teares, they wash't their cheekes: poore remedie
(She sayth) your weeping silence giues to me:
Ay me! they all are fled; why stand'st thou here?
VVhy stay'st thou longer, and perceiue'st not cleere,
That heauen is arm'd against thee? rather haste,
Search eu'ry nooke of land, the Ocean vaste:
I will, and follow the diurnall Sunne
(Vnweari'd) with him in swift course to runne,
Through hidden wayes; not an houre of rest,
No sleepe shall seize vpon his troubled brest,
Till my lost pledge I finde: (whether her graue
Be digg'd by *Thetis* in *Iberian* waue;
Or in the Red-Sea she intrenched be)
No place, no secret corner shall goe free:
Not frosty *Rhenus*, or *Riphaean* cold,
Nor heate of *Lybian* sands, shall me with-hold
From strictest search; and (till I find her out)
The vtmost limits will I pry throughout,
Of *Southerne* winde, and (for a further prooffe)
Will visit *Boreas* in his snowie rooffe:
Then, will I tread on *Atlas* in the West;
Next, with my flaming torches in the East
Hidaspes shines; then looke vpon me, *Ioue*:
Looke, how this wandring vagamund shall roue,
Through Townes and Countries: doe thou look on me,
Thou *Inno*; and in my destruction, see
And reape thy full content: then, then, no more
Griue at this riual (thy base husbands whore.)
Insult yee proud gods at my fortunes mocke,
Boast your great triumph on poore *Ceres* stocke.

Thus

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Thus spoke she, and from off the lofty top;
Of her knowne *Aetna* downeward slid, to lop
The branches from those trees that must giue light,
And guide her errant labours in the night:
Neere to the Riuer *Acis*, stood a Grove
(Whose little streames, in memorie of loue)
Faire *Galatea* to the Sea prefers,
And oft there bathes the beautious limbes of hers:
The trees grew thick here; their intangled boughs
On eu'ry side shadow high *Aetna's* browes;
Thither brought *Iupiter* the captiu'd prey
Which, he (long since) had got in Gyant frey:
The wood grew proud of that *Phlegrean* broile,
And victorie, cloath'd eu'ry tree with spoile;
Here, the vast iawes, and each prodigious limbe
Of Gyants hung, their heads, their faces grimme.
(Yet threatening) to those boughlesse trunks are fixt
And fastned: ('mongst which) the bones are mixt,
Of scatter'd Serpents, and their rugged skinnies
(Shrunk vp by thunder from their wither'd finnes:)
No tree, here grew, that not preferu'd the fame,
And of some conquer'd Gyant bore a name.
This, of *Aegeons* hundred hands, the steele,
(Whose waight her crooked branches bent:) did feele
That *Ceus* Armes, this shield of *Mimas* wore,
A groaning fourth naked *Ophion* bore.
And last, a Firre tree (taller then the rest,
For broad shade-spredding leaues, 'mongst all, the best)
The smoakie Trophies of *Enceladus*
Their king, did load: the waight (so ponderous)
Had broke the body of that goodly tree
(Did not a strong Oake prop with neere supplie:

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

So sacred was the feare and piety
To this most memorable groue, that free
From least offence, the heavenly Trophies hung;
Nor durst rude shepherds rustick pipe and song
Draw hither, their faint bleating flocks to shade;
Nor *Cyclop's* once with cruell axe inuade
The lustie Oake: when *Poliphemus* spies
This place, he from the sacred shadow flies.
But neither deity, nor reuerence
Of zeale, religion of the place; from thence
Long kept th'incensed *Ceres*, whose strong arme
VVith wheeling Sythe (to their lamented harme)
Cuts downe the trunklesse bodies: (in this mood)
Eu'n *Ioue* she wounds; the Pine tree falls, nor stood
The smother Cedar, but doth prostrate fall,
Here, she destroies; there, leaues: and (last of all)
She lookes vpon her handy-worke, and viewes
The mangled bodies (which of them to chuse
Fit't for her purpose:) so, the Marchants care
Prouides (for safety of his life and ware,
VVhich he transports, to some long voyage bent)
(Gainst angry stormes and tempests prouident.)
(First, the tall Cedar and hard Beech applyde
To the maine mast and rudder, the Barks guide)
The softer wood to the light Oare he giues,
And strongest trees for moisture Keele contriues.
Two neighb'ring Cypresses, there, lift on high
Their tow'ring, vntouch't heads (that kisse the skie)
Such two on *Ida's* toppe, fleet *Simois*
Did neuer see; *Orentes*, such (as these)
Did neuer sprinkle with swift streames (that flow
Vnto *Apollo's* Groue, where none such grow)

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

So equall in their height, and boughs esteem'd,
So eu'n they grew, that brother-twins they seem'd ;
(Despising with their fellow-tops, the groue :)
These, *Ceres* chose for torches ; and would proue
Her stubborn strength vpon them both; when (first)
Her armes she tuck't, then folded vp her skirt :
Next, with sharpe axe, she hewes alternately
The two, (that on the ground straight groueling ly
Alike, they suffer'd in their fall) alike,
Their locks they shed, the Fawns & wet Nymphs shriek
(For grieve) to view their ruine (as they lay)
Shee lifts them vp, and beares with her away :
(The loose haire turn'd ouer her shoulder) she
Descends from panting Mountaines suddainely, (teare
Through flames she goes, through craggy rockes doth
A passage; the parch't sands (that skorne to beare
Her steppes) she kicke.
So, curs'd *Magara* hastens the wisht light
Of fatall Yew trees, when some horrid flight
She practiseth 'gainst *Cadmus*, *Theban* walls;
Or, when her malice and pale veng'ance falls
On poore *Thyest'ran* towne; darknesse and Fiends
Make her a lane to passe (as she descends
To *Phlegeton*) in whose hot waues she dipp't
The deadly lights, that with his flames were typ't :
So, when the goddesse was arriu'd at last;
At the Rockes scorching mouth, she from her cast
The Cypresses, into those iawes (her face
Turn'd from the smoake) now eu'ry hollow place
Was fill'd, and the contracted fire (with-drawne)
Kept in the flames, and stopt their wauiing yawne:

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

The Mountaine rumbles, *Mulciber* 'gan strue
(Halfe choak't) th'imprison'd vapours to relieue.
When, loe; the berry-bearing Cypresse leaues
Did shine, and sulphure mixt (that to them cleaues)
Made the boughs crackle, and high *Aetna* raise
His old flames higher by this new-come blaze.
Then tooke she vp the fire-brands (whose dimme light
Lest it should faile her in the tedious flight)
She 'nointed with the iuice that *Phaeton*
His Steeds; and liquor that the Moone, vpon
Her Heifers, sprinkles. Now soft rest doth creepe
On mortall browes, their eye-lids folds in sleepe:
Whil'st she (with grieve-torne heart vpon her way
And progresse) something thus t'her selfe would say:
Full little did I thinke (while thou wert mine)
To looke thee with these lights (my *Proserpine*;)
Lou'd Mothers wishes, feruent strong desire
Of marri'ge bed, and holy Nuptiall fire
Were my delights: and oh! how I did long,
In heau'n to heare the *Saffron Hymens* song.
But *Lachesis* (that makes no difference
'Twixt men and gods) would not with me dispence:
How honour'd was I lately, how ador'd
By Suters great, that me for thee implor'd?
What Mother (though she ne're so fruitfull were)
But thought me happier then her selfe (to beare
Eu'n thee alone) my first, my latest ioy:
By thee my barrennesse did fruit enioy:
By thee was I a goddesse (deifi'd)
(Whil'st thou my glory wer't, thy Mothers pride:)
I neuer vnto *Iuno* inferior was
(Whil'st thou had'st being squallid now and base)

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Gramerciè, *Ioue*: but why giue I a part
To him? (my selfe the causer of my smart)
'Twas I, 'twas cruell I; now I disclose
My carelesnesse, that thee, to busie foes
Forfaken, left: whil' st I (securely glad)
Frisk't to the noyse of *Bacchus* daunces (madde)
And with the sound of ratling armes (vnkind)
(Whil' st thou wert rapt) the *Phrigian* Lion ioin'd
To the swift Chariot; but behold (my sweet)
The punishment for these deseruings meet.
Looke on the gaping wounds vpon my face,
The red-turn'd furrowes, that my brest deface;
My wombe (vnmindfull) that it thee had borne,
Looke, how by frequent strokes 'tis rent and torne:
Where shall I seeke thee, in which heauen aboue?
Vnder what Clymate here, on earth do'st moue?
What guide, what tracke shall leade me? (might I know
But in what kind of Chariot thou didst goe,
Where the damn'd thiefe doth liue, in earth or seas?)
The print of the swift wheelles my sight would please.
I goe, I goe, where my faint plants shall guide,
Whether blind chance: sorrow, like this betide
Diona (all forfaken) may she looke
For her lost *Venus*.
Shall it be lawfull, will some Destinie
Giue way (my child) that once more I may see,
Once more embrace thee? doth that beauty reigne
Vpon thy cheekes, and freshnesse still remaine?
Or shall I hap (vnhappy) to behold
Thee such, as night and dreams haue oft foretold?
Thus sayd she; and the first step she aduanc't
From *Aetna*, on the flow'rs to light, she chanc't:

Those

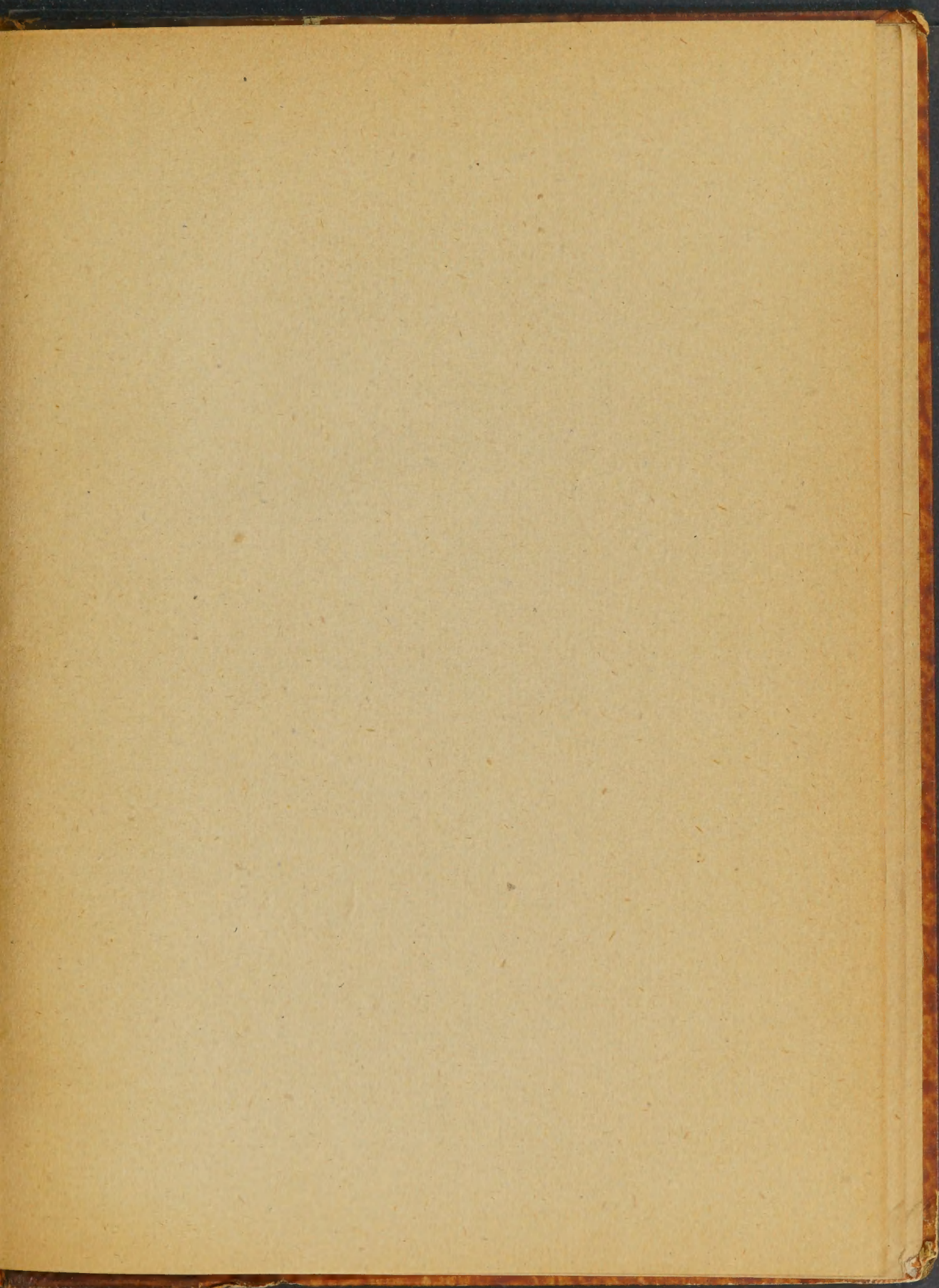
The Rape of PROSERPINE.

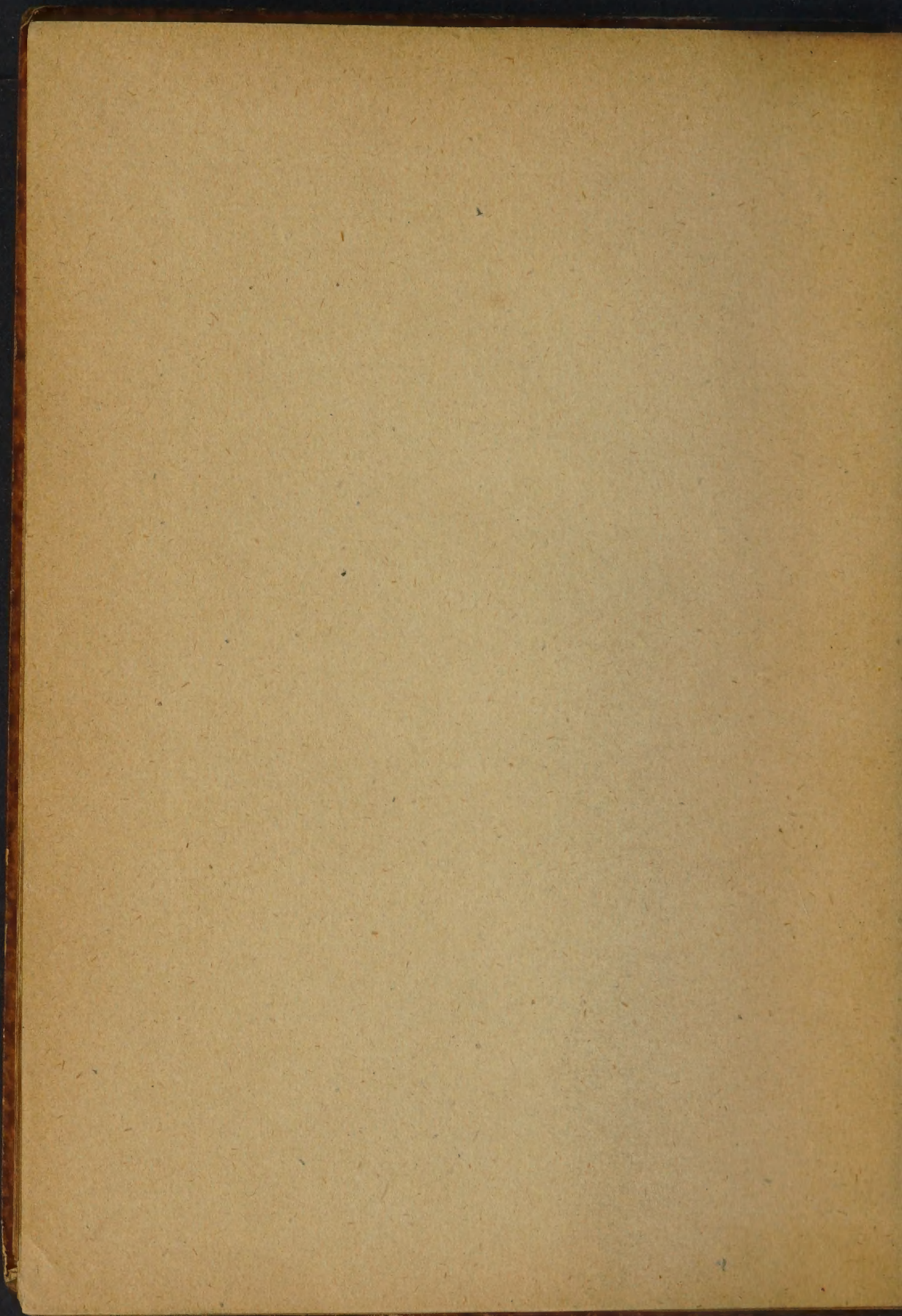
Those flowr's, that to her grieve, her daughters fate
Were conscious: she detests with cursing hate
Those, and the place (made priue to the rape:) (shape,
Then (through confus'd pathes) she her course doth
Pryes through the fields with blazing light, and lowe
Sh'inclines the brands (all comfortlesse) in woe,
With teares she bathes her cheekes: teares, that abound;
(Producing sighes and groanes, that with their sound
Ring in th'ayre and woods) the flaming light
Now spreds on farre, whose shadow in calme night
Swimmes on the Seas; the blaze of it doth flie
To Lybian coast, and bankes of Italy;
Th'*Etruscan* shore was bright and cleerly seene,
And (from th'inflamed Seas) the *Sirtes* shine.
Next vnto *Scilla's* dennes she goes, the light
Vnusuall, those mad dogges did affright:
VVhl'st (some astonisht) silent were (the rest
More hardy) bark't at their vnwelcome guest.

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